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# The Tudor Facsimile Texts

## The

# Weakest goeth to the Wall.

*Date of the first known edition*, . . . . . 1600
(*British Museum.* 161. *b.* 15.)

*Reproduced in Facsimile*, 1911.

# The Tudor Facsimile Texts

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

The

# Weakest goeth to the Wall.

1600

*Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of*

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXI

A.257313

# The Weakest goeth to the Wall.

1600

*There are copies of the original edition of this facsimile in the British Museum and Bodleian libraries. Another edition was issued in* 1618.

*It will be noticed that some of the "Signatures" of the original are wrong;* I i. *is followed by a duplicated* H ii., H iii. *and* H iv., *instead of* I ii., I iii. *and* I iv.

*A comparison of this facsimile with the original shows nothing calling for special comment.*

*JOHN S. FARMER.*

# THE VVEAKEST goeth to the VVall.

*As it hath bene ſundry times plaide by the right honourable Earle of* Oxenford, *Lord great Chamberlaine of* England *his ſeruants.*

LONDON

Printed by Thomas Creede, for Richard Oliue, dwelling in Long Lane.

1600.

# THE WEAKEST goeth to the wall.

A dombe ſhowe.

*After an Alarum, enter one way the Duke of* Burgundie, *an other way, the Duke of* Aniou *with his power, they encounter,* Burgundie *is ſlaine. Then enter the Dutches of* Burgundie *with young* Fredericke *in her hand, who being purſued of the French, leaps into a Riuer, leauing the child vpon the banke, who is preſently found by the duke of* Brabant, *who came to aid* Burgundie, *when it was too late.*

*Prologue.*

THe Duke of *Aniou* fatally inclind
Againſt the familie of *Bullen*, leades
A mightie Armie into *Burgundie*,
Where *Philip* younger brother of that houſe
Was Duke: whoſe power vnequall with his foes,
Receiu'd the foile, and being ſlaine himſelfe,
The ſouldiers afterward purſue his wife:
She flying from the Citie, tooke with her,
Her pretie Nephew, *Lodwicks* tender ſonne,
Brought vp and foſtred by his vncle *Philip*,
And in her flight to ſcape the bloudie hands
Of thoſe that follow'd, leapes into a Riuer,
And there vntimely periſht in the floud.
The litle *Fredericke* left vpon the ſhore,
The tardie Duke of *Brabant* all too late,

That came with ſuccour to relieue his friend
Eſpies, and ignorant of whence he was
Maintaines and keepes him, till he came to age:
Of him, his fortune, and his fathers woes,
The Scæne enſuing, further ſhall diſcloſe.

*Exit.*

*Enter King of* Fraunce, *a noble man bearing his Crowne, and an other his hatte, ſtaffe, and Pilgrimes gowne, with them conuerſing Duke* Aniou, *and* Lodwicke, *Duke of* Bullen.

*King.* How long ſhall I intreate? how long my Lords,
Will you detaine our holy Pilgrimage?
Are not our vowes already regiſterd
Vpon th'vnualued Sepulchre of Chriſt,
And ſhall your malice and inueterate hate
Like a contrarious tempeſt ſtill diuorſe
Our ſoule, and her religious chaſte deſires?
If it be treaſon to attempt by force,
To take from me this earthly Crowne of mine,
What is it when you ſtudie to depriue
My ſoule of her eternall Dyadem?
Oh did you but regard my iuſt demaund,
Or would like ſubiects tender your Kings zeale,
You could not chooſe but entertaine a peace.
Why frowne you then? why do your ſparkling eyes
Dart mortall arrowes in each others face?
Am I a friend, and can I not perſwade?
Am I King, and ſhall I not preuaile?
*Anion* be pacified, and *Bullen* leaue
To feed thy ſwelling ſtomake with contempt.

*Lod.* Your grace doth know (with pardon be it ſpoken)
My wrongs are ſuch, as I haue cauſe to frowne,
Nor can you blame me if I loath his ſight
That was the butcher of my brothers life.
In *Burgundie* what ſlaughters did he make?

What

What tyrannie left he vnpractiſde there?
*Philip* ſuppreſt, did not their bloudy hands
Extend to women and reſiſtleſſe babes?
Amongſt the reſt, was not the Dutcheſſe drownd?
And that which drawes continuall flouds of teares
From theſe mine eyes: and daily doth aſſaile
My feeble heart with neuer dying griefe,
Miſcarried not young *Fredericke* my ſonne?
Ah was not he vntimely by their meanes
Cutte off, that ſhould haue comforted mine age?
Poore boy, whoſe pitteous ſpeaking eye
Might haue bene able to haue turnd the hearts
Of ſauage Lyons: yet they ſparde him not.
*Ki.* Ah ſpeake no more of *Burgundies* diſceaſe,
Nor wake the quiet ſlumber of thy ſonne,
But with the gray decrepit haires of thine
That are expir'd ſince *Fredericke* was intomb'd,
With his deare Aunt amidſt the licquid waues,
Let ſlip the memorie of that miſhap,
And now forget it, and forgiue it too.
*Lod.* Although I muſt confeſſe the leaſt of theſe
Incumbant euills, is argument inough
To whet the bluntеſt ſtomacke to reuenge:
Yet that your highneſſe may perceiue my mind
Doth ſauour of mildneſſe and compaſſion,
And that the *Bullen* Duke may nere be found
To be a Traitor to his Kings commaund,
There is my dagger, and Ile lay my hand
Vnder the foote of *Anion* where he treades,
And I will do it to deſerue your loue.
*Ki.* Wee thanke thee *Bullen* for thy kind reſpect,
But he that ſhould be formoſt to ſet ope
The gate of mercie, and let friendſhip in,
Vpon whoſe head redounds the whole reproach
Of all theſe iniuries, ſwolne bigge with ire

Stands

Stands as an Out-law ſtill vpon defiance.
*Mer.* I muſt diſſemble theres no remedie.
*K.* Looke *Anion* here, and let his ſummers brow,
Thawe the hard winter of thy frozen heart.
*Mer.* Dread ſoueraigne, *Anion* likewiſe doth ſubmit,
And with repentant thoughts for what is paſt,
Reſts humbly at your Maieſties diſpoſe.
*K.* Then take the Duke of *Bullen* by the hand,
And treading former hatred vnder foote,
Wherewith your houſes haue bene ſtill oppreſt,
Like ſubiects of your King be reconcil'd.
*Mer.* There is my hand *Lodwick*, the hand of him,
That thought to haue embrewd it in thy bloud,
But now is made the inſtrument of peace.
*Lod.* And there is mine, with which I once did vow,
To ſacrifice thy body to pale death,
But now I do embrace thee as a friend.
*They embrace.*
*Mer.* The like doo I, but to an other end,
For *Lewis* no ſooner ſhall depart from hence,
But ſtraight new deeds of miſchiefe I le commence.
*Ki.* This ioyes my ſoule, and more to let you know
How pleaſing this retrait of peace doth ſeeme,
Till my returne from *Paleſtine* againe,
Be you ioynt gouernours of this my Realme,
I do ordaine you both my ſubſtitutes:
And herewithall bequeathe into your hands,
The keeping of the Crowne: my ſelfe adornd
With theſe abiliments of humble life,
Will forward to performe my promiſt vow.
*Lod.* The God of heauen be ſtill your highneſſe guide.
*Mer.* And helpe to thruſt thy partnerſhip aſide.
*Ki.* *Lodwick*, the loue that thou doeſt beare to vs,
And *Mercury*, the allegeance thou doeſt owe,
Now in my abſence both of you will ſhowe.
So leauing and relying on your truſt,

I bid

I bid farewell, remember to be iuſt.

*Exit.*

*Mer.* Brother of *Bullen*: ſo Ile call you now.
For why, this birth of new authoritie
Will haue it ſo, let me intreat your grace
That youle excuſe my ſudden haſte from hence.
I haue ſome vrgent cauſe of great affaires,
That call me to the countrey for a while,
But long it ſhall not be ere I returne.

*Lod.* At your good pleaſure be it brother of *Anion*,
Yet let me tell you that the iealous world
By this our ſeperation will misiudge.

*Mer.* Not for ſo ſhort a ſpace, on friday next
I meane God willing to reuiſit you.

*Lod.* Adiew my Lord: the ſtraunge euents that time
In his continuance often brings to paſſe:
Not two houres ſince I would haue ſworne he lied,
That would haue told me, *Anion* and my ſelfe,
Should euer haue bene heard to enterchaunge
Such friendly conference: but my word is paſt,
And I will keepe my couenant with the King.

*Enter two Gentlemen, Petitioners.*

1. God ſaue your honour.
2. Health to the Duke of *Bullen*.

*Lod.* Gentlemen y'are welcome: coude you with reuerence
Or haue you ſome Petition to the King?

1. A ſute my Lord, which ſhould haue bene preferd
Vnto the King himſelfe, but being gone,
Vpon his Pilgrimage before we came,
The power now to do vs right remaines
Within your hands: whom as we ſee ſtand
His grace hath made Vice-gerent of the Land.

*Lod.* What is your ſuite?

2. This paper will vnfold
If pleaſe you take the peruſall of the ſame.

O I remember now, it is to haue
A Patent ſeald, for certaine exhibition
Giuen by his highneſſe for your ſeruice done
Againſt the late inuaſion of the Engliſh.
1. True my good Lord.
*Lod.* Well I will doo you any good I can:
But Gentlemen, I muſt be plaine with you,
I am but the halfe part of that authoritie
Which late you ſpake of: for with me is ioynd
The Duke of *Anion*, equally poſſeſt.
And he euen now departed from the Court,
But when he doth returne, you ſhall be ſure
To be diſpatcht.
2. When he returnes my Lord?
That will not be I feare, till angry warre
Hath brought deſtruction on ſome part of *Fraunce*.
*Lod.* How ſay you that? till angry warre hath brought
Deſtruction on ſome part of *Fraunce*, why ſo?
2. Becauſe my Lord, in ſecret he hath leuied
A mightie power, which ſince, as we are told,
Lying not farre from *Parris*, had in charge:
As on this day to meete the Duke at *Mullins*.
*Lod.* A towne neare neighbouring on my territories:
It is euen ſo, this proud diſſembling Duke
Made our reconcilement but a colour
To cloake his treaſon till the King were gone,
And now his hollow and perfidious dealing,
As when the ruffe the Adder lurked in
Is ſhorne away, begins to ſhewe it ſelfe.
It is at me he aimes, the bloud he dranke
In *Burgundie* will not allay his thirſt,
*Orleance* muſt adminiſter a freſh ſupply:
But leaſt my wife and daughter whom I left
Slenderly guarded, fall into his hands,
(Which now is all the comfort I haue left)
Come Gentlemen, I will diſpatch your ſute,

And afterward ride poſt vnto my houſe.

1. We will attend vpon your excellence.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Barnabie Bunch *a Botcher, with a paire of ſheares, a handbasket with a croſſe bottome of thred, three or foure paire of old ſtockings, peeces of fuſtian and cloath, &c.*

*Bunch. Buoniour* in French, is good morrow in Engliſh: true, and therewithall good morrow faire, what? maides? no, good morrow faire morning: and yet as faire as it lookes I feare we ſhall haue raine, theſe French fleas bite ſo filthily. We trauellers are abiect, thats to ſay, order'd to many miſteries and troubles; I *Barnabie Bunch*, the Botcher now, whilome (that is ſometime) of a better trade: for I was an Ale-draper, as Thames and Tower-wharffe can witneſſe: well, God be with them both: my honourable humour to learne language and ſee faſhions, has loſt me many a ſtout draught of ſtrong Ale, what at *London*, what at *Graueſend*, where I was borne. This *Fraunce* I confeſſe is a goodly Countrey, but it breeds no Ale hearbes, good water thats drinke for a horſe, and de vine blanket, and de vine Couerlet, dat is vine Claret for great out-rich cobs. Well fare *England*, where the poore may haue a pot of Ale for a penney, freſh Ale, firme Ale, nappie Ale, nippitate Ale, irregular, ſecular Ale, courragious, contagious Ale, alcumiſticall Ale. Well vp with my ware, and downe to my worke, and on to my ſong, for a merrie heart liues long.

*He hangs three or foure paire of hoſe vpon a ſticke, and falls to ſowing one hoſe heele and ſings.*

*King* Richards *gone to* Walſingham,

He ſpeakes.

Kate *is my gooſe roſted?*

He ſings.

*To the holy Land.*

He ſpeakes.

*I meane my preſſing Iron wench.*

He ſings.

*To kill Turke and Saracen that the truth do withſtand.*

He ſpeakes.

*Prithee make it hot, I muſt vſe it.*

He ſings.

*Chriſt his croſſe be his good ſpeed, Chriſt his foes to quell,*

He ſpeakes.

*Let it not be red hotte* Kate.

He ſings.

*Send him helpe in time of need, and to come home well.*

O for one pot of mother *Bunches* Ale; my owne mothers Ale, to waſh my throat this miſtie morning: it would cleare my ſight, comfort my heart, and ſtuffe my veines; that I ſhould not ſmell the ſauour of theſe ſtockings: well fare cleanly Engliſh men; yet I theſe French mens feete haue a ſuckie ſtrong ſent.

*Enter two or three Citizens, one after an other, with Bags and Plate, and things to hide.*

Who be theſe that run ſo fearefully? haa Citizens by the maſſe, Citizens, that looke as they were skard.

*He ſings.*

John Domie *hath he him an ambling Nag to* Paris *for to ride a*

*And happy are they can ſeeke & find, for they are gone to hide a*

How bleſſed is this Botcher that can ſing!

When all the Citie is ſet on ſorrowing!

*He ſeekes vp and downe for a place to hide his Plate.*

Where ſhall I hide this litle that I haue,

Whilſt ſpeedie flight attempt my life to ſaue?

2. O vnexpected ſudden miſerie,

More bitrer made by our ſecuritie!

We vnprouided, and our foes at hand,

The head depres'd how can the body ſtand?

Where ſhall I ſhrowd vnſeene this litle pelfe,

Whileſt I by flight aſſay to ſaue my ſelfe.

3. Whom haue we here? my gold will me betray.
Thee muſt I leaue, with life to ſteale away.

*He ſeekes.*

Thou art my life, then if I liue tis wonder,
When limmes and life are forc'd to part in ſunder.

1. Who's there?
2. A friend: who thou?
1. No enemie, whats he?
3. A Citizen your neighbour, what fellow's that?
1. A Botcher, a poore Engliſh mechanick.
2. What ſhall we do in this calamitie?
1. Hide what we haue, and flie from th'enemie.
3. O how neare is hee?
2. Heele be here to night.
3. No meane to ſaue our liues but preſent flight.

*Bunch.* What are theſe thick skind heauie purs'd gorbellied churles mad? what do they feare? to be robd I thinke: O that they would hide their money where I might find it, that ſhould be the firſt language I would learne to ſpeake: though I haue no money, I am as merrie as they, and well fare nothing once a yeere; *For early vp and neuer the neere.*

*Enter* Lodwick.

*Lod.* O whither flie ye ſilly heartleſſe ſhadowes?
What ſudden feare ſo daunts your courages?
Are ye ſurpriz'd with dread of enemies?
Then arme your ſelues to guard your ſelues and yours:
Let not baſe rumours driue ye from your denne,
As Hares from formes, ſtay, fight, and die like men.

1 Noble Duke *Lodwick*, what auailes our ſtay,
When all our power cannot defend one part?

*Lod.* We ſhall haue helpe.

2. From whom?

*Lod.* From Count *Lauall.*

1. No he and *Trofſbey* are with *Mercurie.*

*Lod.* Yet *Mounſieur Roſſibroune* may come in time.

3. All is but hazard, we are ſure of none.

Therefore God buy you my Lord, for Ile ſaue one.

*Exit.*

2. And I an other.

1. And I if I can.

*Exeunt Ambo.*

*Lod.* Are ye all gone? ſtayes there not one man?
Good fellow what art thou?

*Bunch.* A corrector of extrauagant hoſe feete.

*Lod.* Wilt thou abide?
And fight againſt th'approaching enemie?

*Bunch.* Enuie? what enuie?

*Lod.* The periurd Duke of *Anion, Mercurie,*
That comes to ſack this vnprouided Towne.

*Bunch.* Is he neare hand?

*Lod.* I, nearer then I wiſh.

*Bunch.* O that I had my preſſing Iron out of the fire, and my cleane ſhert from my Laundreſſe, that I might bid this towne farewel, and bleſſe it with my heeles toward it: fie, fie, downe with my ſtall, vp with my wares, ſhift for my ſelfe.

*Lod.* So all will leaue me in extremitie.

*Enter a Meſſenger.*

*Nuntio.* Deare honored Lord, make haſt to ſaue your ſelf,
The armed troupes of trecherous *Mercury,*
Approach ſo faſt, and in ſuch multitudes,
That ſome of them are ſeene within a league,
And not a man of ours in readineſſe,
Except it be to runne, none to reſiſt.

*Lod.* Then muſt I runne as faſt as they,
*Lodwick* till now was neuer runne-away.

*Exeunt* Lodwick *and Meſſenger.*

*Bunch.* If euery body runne, its time for me to goe: O that my cuſtomers had their ware, and I money for mending them, heres ſudden warres when we nere thought vpon it. Well, if I had had grace, I might haue tarried at Tower wharffe, armed with a white apron, a pot

in

in my left hand,a chalke in my right: what makes this in the pye? ſixe pence ſaid I: fill here hey in the ſwanne, by and by,anan,anan: there might I haue eate my fill,and drunke my fill,and ſlept my fill,and all without feare,ſafe as mouſe in a mill:heere if th'enuy come,will be nothing,but kil, kil, kill: and I am ſure to be in moſt daunger,becauſe I am an Engliſh man and a ſtraunger,this is the lucke of them that trauell forrain lands: now one paire of running legges, are worth two paire of working hands.

*Exit.*

*Enter Duke* Mercury *with Souldiers, Drumme,and Enſigne.*

*Mer.* A plague vpon you,was the Pallace watch'd
That he and his haue all eſcaped thus?
O I could teare my very heart ſtrings out,
I am ſo ſtung with this indignitie.
Will no man bring me word that he is taken?
Night wert thou any thing,but what thou art,
A thicke darke ſhadowe,that art onely ſeene,
I would not liue,till thou wert baniſhed,
But let him goe,and now ſhall *Anion* ſhine
More brighter then the burning lampe of heauen:
Where in the height of the celeſtiall ſignes,
In all his pompe he ſailes along the skies,
Now *France* ſhall ſhake with terror of my name,
Onely my word ſhall be a Parliament,
Enacting ſtatutes as ſhall bind the world,
Where maieſtie ſhall plead prerogatiue,
In mightie volumes writing with his hand,
The vncontrolld decrees of ſoueraignetie:
*Lodwick* expulſed,and King *Francis* gone,
Yet once is *Anion* King of *Fraunce* alone.

*Enter Meſſenger.*

*Meſſen.* My Lord.
*Mer.* Is *Lodwick* taken? raunſome him to me,

And

And take my Dukedome what ſo ere thou bee.
*Meſſen.* I am a Meſſenger of other newes.
*Mer.* O but ſalute mine eares with that ſweete ſound,
And in that muſick be all accents drownd.
*Meſ.* My Lord: to Armes, to Armes, my Lord of *Anion*,
The power of *Spaine* hath paſt the Pyren hills,
And are already entred into *France*,
Vnder *Hernando* the great Duke of *Medena*:
The Frontiers lie all blazed with rude warre:
The fields are couerd with vnciuill armes
Of ſunburnt Moores, and tawnie Affricans
Which they haue brought: they skorn to beare their ſpoiles
Their neighing Genners, armed to the field
Do yorke and fling, and beate the ſullen ground,
And vncontrolld, come looſe abroad in *France*.
*Nauarre* is ſack'd, and like a mightie flood
The haughtie Spaniard ouerturneth all.
Gather your power, make head againſt the foe:
The diuell driues, tis full time to goe.
*Mer.* The diuell burſt thoſe balling chops of thine.
*Spaine* and the plague, and hell and all together,
If the full tunne of vengeance be abroach,
Fill out and ſwill vntill you burſt againe.
Come dogge, come diuell, he that ſcapes beſt
Let him take all, and ſplit, and tore, and choke.
Hooke, ſwords and caps, if hell will be't thus doe
Let him liues longſt, wipe the reckoning out
Sound drumme away, before our glory die,
Some ſhall be lowe, that now do looke full hie.

*Enter* Yacob van Smelt, Lodwick, Oriana, Diana, *and* Bunch.

*Yacob.* Well my lifekins, ſo ick muſt be you Wert, dat is you hoſt; and you mine gheſſe, to eat mer mie, and ſlape mer mie, in my huys: well, here bane van you, vier, ſoue as you

ſeg in Engliſh) twea mannikins, twea tannikins, twea mans, twea womans: ſpreak, wat will you geuen by de dagh? by de weeke? by de mont? by de yeare? all to mall.

*Bunch.* Sauing your tale mine hoſt, what is your name?

*Iacob.* *Iacob van Smelt.*

*Bunch.* *Smelt?* Lord, many of your name are taken in the Thames, youle not be angry?

*Iacob.* Angry? niet niet.

*Bunch.* How? nit? nay then I perceiue I ſhall bee angry firſt: zounds twit me with my trade? I am the fag end of a Tayler; in plaine Engliſh a Botcher: and though my countrey men do call me pricklouſe, yet you Flemiſh Boore ſhal not call me nit; ye baſe Butterbox, ye Smelt, your kinsfolks dwell in the Thames, and are ſold like ſlaues in Cheap-ſide by the hundreth, two pence a quarterne.

*Iacob.* Gods peſtilence, beeſt thou frantick?

*Lod.* Patience my friends, fellow he ſpake no ill,
My gentle hoſt was caſting his account,
To what our weekly charges muſt amount.

*Iacob.* Yaw, yaw, true, true.

*Bunch.* True, true? lie, lie: did not you ſay firſt you would mall vs all? and then calld me nit, nit? tis not your big belly, nor your fat bacon, can cary it away, if ye offer vs the boots: what though we be driuen from our owne dwelling, theres moe fitling houſes then yours to hoſt in.

*Lod.* Well mine hoſt *Iacob*, though our ſtate be poore,
Yet will we pay you iuſtly our compound:
For me, my wife, and daughter, by the weeke,
For dyet, lodging, and for laundery,
So long as we ſhall hoſt within your houſe,
Fiue Gilders weekly I will anſwere you.

*Iacob.* Dat is for you, your frow, and your skone daughter, well, whea ſall be tall for dis gack? dis ſhellam?

*Bunch.* I, ye ſhall find me a tall fellow if ye trie me. But what is it ye talke of me?

*Lod.* He doth demaund who ſhall defray thy charge?

For meat, and drinke, and lodging in his houſe.

*Bunch.* Neither you nor he, let him take care for a large winding ſheete to wrappe his fatte guts in: haue not I a trade? Yes good man Smelt, if ye haue any hoſe to heele, breeches to mend, or buttons to ſet on, let mee haue your worke.

*Yacob.* Goots moorkne beeſt thou a Snyder? ſnip, ſnap, met te ſheares.

*Bunch.* Speak reuerently of Taylers, or Ile haue ye by the eares.

*Yacob.* Yaw, yaw, tis good honeſt mans occupacion, good true mans liuing.

*Bunch.* I ſir, Ile liue by it, and neither charge this mans purſe, nor run vpon your ſcore, Ile get me a litle hole to put

*Yacob.* A knaues head in.

*Bunch.* My head in, and fall to worke here, and in ſtead of parle buon francoys, learne to brall out butterbox, yaw, yaw, and yaune for beare like a Iacke daw.

*Yacob.* Heare me eance Ick heb a cleyue skuttell, a litle ſtall by mine huys dore, ſall dat hebben for a skoppe.

*Bunch.* Hebben, habben quoth a? what ſhall I hebben?

*Lod.* A place to worke in *Yacob* offers thee,
Harke hither *Bunch.*

*He takes him aſide and whiſpers.*

*Yacob.* I Frow, hey, comt here:

*He takes* Oriana *by the hand.*

You bene askone Frow, a ſoot a lieffe: vp miner zeele, dat is, by my ſoule Ick loue you met my heart. And you will loue mee, ſmouch mee, and bee my ſecret vriend, de charle ſall niet knowe, Ick will you gelt geuen, and you man ſall niet betall, niet paid for your logies noe you meat: wat ſeg you?

*Oriana.* I ſay mine Hoſt, that you are ill aduiſ'd,
To tempt the honour of a ſtraungers wife:
Conſider if your fortune were as ours,
In forraine place to reſt ye for a time,

Would

Would you your wife ſhould be allur'd to ſinne?
To breake her vow and to diſhonour you?

*Iacob.* Swig, ſwig, peace, Iek ſall an aunder time talke met you.

*Iacob whiſpers with Oriana.*

*Lod.* No *Bunch*, by no meanes tell from whence we came,
Nor what enforced vs ſeeke a refuge here:
And though my want at inſtant be extreame,
Yet when the heauens ſhall better my eſtate,
Thy ſecrecie will I remunerate.

*Bunch.* Why what do ye think of me? a horſleech to ſuck ye? or a trencherflie to blowe ye? or a vermine to ſpoile ye? or a moath to eate through ye? no, I am *Barnabie Bunch*, the Botcher, that nere ſpent any mans goods but my owne, Ile labour for my meate, worke hard, fare hard, lie hard, for a liuing, Ile not charge ye a penney, Ile keep your councel. And ye ſhall commaund me to ſerue you, your wife, and your daughter in the way of honeſtie, like honeſt *Barnabie*.

*Lod.* Gramercies honeſt friend.

*Oriana.* No *Iacob* no,
Need cannot force, nor flatterie intreat.

*Iacob.* Swig dan, nea meare, come ſall vs in to eat?

*Exeunt Iacob, Bunch, Oriana.*

*Lod.* Euen when you pleaſe mine hoſt: come daughter
Come, be of good comfort, heauen is where it was:
When fortunes ſtorme a while our ſtate hath toſt,
A calmer gale may giue what we haue loſt.

*Dyana.* Aſſure ye ſir, euen as I am your child,
Nor diſcontent, but patience makes me mild,
If inward griefe externall ioy ſupplant,
It moanes not mine, but your vnwonted want.

*Lod.* Thou ſeeſt how eaſily I endure the ſmart,
Becauſe thy mother and thy ſelfe beare part:
Come let vs in, on him that knowes vs beſt
Lets fix our hope, and ſo in patience reſt.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Hernando *de* Medyna, *and Don* Vgo *de* Cordoua, *with their ſouldiers.*

*Her.* It ſeemes that the Nobilitie of *Fraunce*
Are all a ſleepe, that vnreſiſted, thus
We diue into the entrailes of their Land:
Is there no haughtie chiualier, no ſpirit
Heroick, dare ſo much as once demaund
Wherefore we come? or offer vs the fight?
Why then proceed we as we haue begunne
To take poſſeſſion, not to conquer here?
What Citie call you this?

*Vgo.* *Shamount* my Lord.

*Her.* Mount? whither does it mount? Ile make it lie
As leuell as her other fellowes do,
And though her loftie turrets touch the clouds,
Yet will I teach her like an humble handmaid,
To make a lowly curtſie to the ground:
*Shamount* ſhall ſtoope, *Medyna* ſaies the word.
But who are theſe? Don *Vgo* queſtion them.

*Vgo.* Of whence are you? ſpeak quickly, leaſt my ſword
Preuent your tongues by ſearching of your hearts.

1. Great Prince of *Spaine*, we are th'inhabitants
Of this diſtreſſed Citie of *Shamount*.

*Her.* Yet more of Mount? ſhall I be haunted ſtill
With eccho of *Shamount*? how dare you ſlaues
Haue any ſuch proud title in your mouthes?
Shall ſtoupe I ſay, be that your Cities name,
For I will make it ſtoupe before I paſſe.

2. Thou dread Commaunder of the Spaniſh Force,
If not for our humilitie and praiers,
Yet for theſe preſents which we bring to thee,
(A Cuppe of gold, and in the ſame containd,
Fiue thouſand Markes) reſpect our naked walles,
Draw not thy ſword againſt our yeelding ſoules,

But paſſing by in peace, let this alone,
(This harmeles Citie mongſt all other ruines)
Stand as a Trophey of thy clemencie.
*Her.* Would you corrupt our valour with your coyne?
Or do you thinke the Spaniard is ſo poore,
A litle Gold can make him ſell his honour?
No, were your ſtreets through ſton'd with Dyamonds,
And you ſhould digge them vp to bring them hither:
Or were your houſes in the ſtead of Slate,
Couerd with Siluer, and your ſelues prepard
To teare it off and giue it vs,
Nay were your walles of pureſt Chryſolyte,
And puld beſide their bounds for our owne vſe,
Yet would we ſcorne all this and ten times more,
For we count honour ſweetneſſe of dominion,
Tis Lordſhip that we come for, and to rule,
More worth then millions, ſtoope and kis our feete,
Bring forth your daughters and your faireſt wiues
To be our Concubines, waight you your ſelues
Vpon our trenchers, and like ſtable groomes,
Rubbe our horſe heeles, and then perhaps weele yeeld
That you ſhall liue, or ſo, but otherwiſe,
Looke for no pittie at *Medynaes* hand:
And for an inſtance, thus and thus I ſeale *He kills them.*
The couenant of my great comptrolling ſprite,
And now amaine giue onſet to the towne.

*Enter* Mercurie *and his men.*

*Mer.* Firſt inſolent *Medyna*, here is one
Will trie how thou canſt but end a man,
Before thou lay thy force vnto a wall.
*Her.* Now by mine honour welcome to the field,
Liues there a French man then dare trie with vs?
I thought you had bene Pigmeys all till now,
And durſt not looke a Spaniard in the face,

But now I ſee you are of taller ſhapes,
How euer hearted that is yet vnknowne.
*Mer.* So hearted Spaniard, as we are reſolu'd
To plague thee for thy damned crueltie.
*Her.* Talke then no longer, ſhow your Chiualrie.

*Alarum, they fight, Mercurie is wounded, and put to flight.*

*Her.* Was this the worthy champion ſo reſolu'd,
To plague vs as he ſaid? was this the man
*Fraunce* had pickt out, to take her quarell vp?
Now ſure a truſtie wight, when hands ſerue not,
He knowes the way to take him to his heeles:
Yet is it good that we did meete with him
Be it but for this, to keepe our hands in vre,
And breath our puiſſe bodies, which I feare,
Would haue growne ſtiffe for want of exerciſe.
But now no more, enter the Citie gates,
And therein boldly euery one deuiſe,
How he can Lord it in the French mens eyes.

*Exit.*

*Enter Emanuell, with Leontius.*

*Ema.* Could I reſolue my ſelfe ſufficiently,
He ſhould not ſtay one houre in my Court,
But I haue noted in her from her birth,
A ſtraunge ennated kind of curteſie,
An affable, inclining lenitie,
With ſuch a virgine meekneſſe to regard,
As may abuſe, a wiſe and grounded cenſure,
In iudging of affection, and of honour.
*Leon.* Pardon me gracious Lord, I ſpeake it not
In any ſort to wrong your Princely daughter,
Or to impeach your iudgement any wiſe
In your opinion of the Gentleman,
But as a iuſt and honeſt ſubiect ſhould,

In matters that concerne my truſt ſo much.

*Ema.* Nor as I am a Prince I thinke thou doeſt,
I haue ſo good aſſurance of thy loue,
Which may I truſt, induce thee to reſolue me,
From what conceit proceeds thy ſtrong ſurmiſe.

*Leon.* This other day, for hunting of the ſtagge,
Attending faire *Odillia* to the Forreſt,
When as the hounds had rowſ'd the trembling deare,
And euery man ſpurd hardvnto the crie,
Riding along, a goodly Couert ſide:
The company all ſtragling here and there,
Onely the Princeſſe, and young *Ferdynand*,
Curbing their ſteeds in with their ſilken raynes,
Into a Groaue road ſecretly togither,
Thrice did I ſee him kiſſe her ſnowy hand,
And with three humble Curſies bowd his head,
Downe to the ſtirrope of *Odillia*,
Then did I ſee him whiſper in her eare,
When with her Fanne ſhe wonne the wanton wind
To coole his face as they road gently on.
Then came they to a litle perling Brooke,
Whereas they pauſ'd, as it ſhould ſeeme to heare
The birds ſweete muſicke, to the bubling ſtreame.
Then did I ſee him lift his eyes towards hers,
Taking her gloue which lay vpon her lappe,
A thouſand times did reuerence to the ſame,
And in his Bauldrick wrapt it choiſly vp,
When as ſhe pluckt a bloomed Lymon braunch,
With her white hand out of her Coronet,
And with her fingers twind it in his lock
And ſmild: and bowd her head into his boſome.
And thus with gentle parlance both togither
They paced on, vnto the flowry lawne.

*Ema.* If this be not ſurmiz'd which thou report'ſt,
It ſhould be ſigne of ſome affection.

*Leon.* Ile not enforce it on your excellence

By circumſtance: but onely this I ſaw.
*Em.* Wheres *Ferdynando?* ſaw you him of late?
*Leon.* Lord *Stroſſy*, and your daughter be at cheſts,
And they ſaw him, but euen very now.
*Em.* Goe call them hither preſently to me.
*Leon.* I truſt you will not vrge me in the matter.
*Em.* Go too, I will not.

*Exit Leontius.*

How now? a villaine that I found by chance,
To court my onely daughter and my heire:
And hauing thus reuiu'd him by my fauours,
Will the vile viper ſting me for my loue?

*Enter Frederick, Ferdinando kneeles.*

*Em.* Sirrha come hither, didſt thou neuer heare
How firſt I found thee, being but a child:
Hid in the ſegges faſt by a Riuer ſide,
As it ſhould ſeeme of purpoſe to be loſt.
Being ſo yoong, that thou hadſt not the ſence
To tell thy name, or of what place thou waſt?
*Fre.* I haue heard your Lordſhip often ſo report it.
*Em.* Did thy adultrous parents caſt thee off
As it ſhould ſeeme, aſhamed of thy birth?
And haue I made a nurſerie of my Court
To foſter thee, and growne to what thou art,
Enrich thee with my fauours euery where?
That from the loathſome mud from whence thou cameſt,
Thou art ſo bold out of thy buzzards neſt,
To gaze vpon the ſunne of her perfections?
Is there no bewtie that can pleaſe your eye,
But the diuine and ſplendant excellence
Of my beloued deare *Odillia?*
How dareſt thou but with trembling and with feare
Looke vp toward the heauen of her hie grace?
And euen aſtoniſht with the admiration,
Let fall the gaudye plumens of thy proud heart?
Dare any wretch ſo vile and ſo obſcure,

Attempt

Attempt the honour of ſo great a Princeſſe?
*Fre.* Heare me my Lord.
*Odillia.* Nay heare me Princely father,
For what you ſpeake to him concernes me moſt.
Neuer did he attempt to wrong mine honour,
Nor did his tongue ere vtter yet one accent,
But what a virgins eare might ſafely heare.
I neuer ſaw him exerciſe himſelfe
In any place where I my ſelfe was preſent,
But with ſuch a graceſull modeſt baſhfulneſſe,
As well beſeemed both his youth and dutie.
I neuer ſaw him yet preſume my preſence
But with a lowe ſubiected reuerence,
A browe as humble as humilitie:
And when I haue enforced him to ſpeake,
In any thing I had emp'loyd him in,
His words haue bene in ſuch an humble key,
As ſilence would haue told a ſecret in.
But if his ſeruice to me be ſuſpected,
Attending me to helpe me to my horſe,
Or bent my bowe when I haue ſhot a Deare,
Diſcourſe of Nations, playd at Mawe and Cheſſe:
Or led me by the arme when I had walk'd.
If this may breed ſuſpition of my loue,
I cannot keepe the tongue of Iealouſie.
*Frede.* When did I euer but approach the place
Where ſhe hath bene, but kneeling to the earth
As if the ground were holy where ſhe troad?
When was I ſeene to gaze once in her glaſſe,
For feare the Chriſtall wherein ſhe beheld her,
Should tell my diſobedience to her eyes?
When was I ſeene to ſmell but to a flower
To which the Princeſſe had but ſmelt before
As farre vnworthy that my ſence ſhould taſte
So rich an odour as had pleaſed hers?
When was I ſeene to looke once in her face,

But as a man beholding of the ſunne,
That caſt his head downe dazled with his rayes.
I neuer nam'd that name, *Odillia:*
But with ſuch worſhip, and ſuch reuerence,
As to an Angell if he ſhould appeare.
Her haue I lou'd for feare, and feard for loue,
For I adore diuine *Odillia.*

*Em.* *Frederick*, thy humble and ſubmiſſiue carriage,
Hath ſatisfied me fully at this time.
And my *Odillia*, tak't not in ill part,
That too much loue breakes out into ſuſpition,
It is the fault of loue *Odillia*,
And hath his pardon as it doth offend:
Then come *Leontius*, you and Ile away,
Go backe *Odillia*, and attend your play.

*Exit.*

*Fre.* Madam you ſee, that iealouſie attends
Vpon the houres of our ſucceſſull loue,
What is your princely pleaſure with my ſeruice?
I feare ſuſpition but too much eſpies,
I ſee that trees had eares, and buſhes eyes.

*Odil.* Deare *Ferdynand*, prouide then for our flight,
I regard nothing in reſpect of thee,
Onely be conſtant, and Ile goe with thee,
In all the wayes that fortune can direct.
Goe get you hence, I will attend my ſport,
Much is to do, and time is very ſhort.

*Enter Yacob, and Lodwick, Yacob hath a long boord chalked.*

*Ya.* Come, floux, betall, gelt *Lodwick*, gelt, ware bene de *Fraunce* Crowne? de Riex daler? de Anglis skelling? ha? pay pay, betall betall, keck dore *Lodwick*, ſee de creere de chalke: eane, twea, dree, vier guildern for brant weene: fiftick guildern for roſt for de eat: zeuen guildern for ſpeck, caſe, bouter and bankeate: keck, looke in dye burſe betall,

betall ſhellam betall , *Ick* mought gelt heb come, pay.

*Lod.* My gentle hoſt haue patience but a while,
*I* will endeuour to come out of debt,
As ſpeedily as God ſhall giue me meanes,
Forbearing neither leſſons nor acquites
One groat of dutie,onely your good minde
Shall be approu'd for reſpiting a time.

*Yacob.* Reſpit? reſt diuell, godts cruſe, my gelt Ick can niet forbeare, niet ſuffer, niet ſpare mine gelt, a dowſand diuells, *Ick* mought de Brewer , de Baker, de Butcher betall,ſo heb ye niet gelt , giue me a pawne, eane gage: oh haere dat his Frow mought met my blieuen for de debt.

*Lod. Yacob*,alas thou ſeeſt what wealth *I* haue,
Apparell,*Iewels*,Plate,and Gold *I* lacke,
Fortune hath wrackt me on extremitie,
For all my riches are within thy houſe.
My vertuous wife and daughter are my treaſure,
Which aboue all worlds wealth beſide *I* meaſure.

*Yacob.* Godts Sacrament harma charle begger,a wench, loupe dye ſelue , ye ſall niet ſlape eane nought mare in mine huys,geue me dy Frow and dye Meskyn, wyeffe and doughter to pledge for my gelt,for *Ick* weat well,dow wilt redeeme and raunſome dem twea: loupe doo ſhellam and nempt de gelt and coine , here and buy out dy wife and kinde,dy skone daughter.

*Lod.* Alas what comfort is there left for me
*If* thoſe deare *Iewels* be empaund to thee?
My wife and daughter? *Iacob* chaunge thy mind,
Diuide vs not, ô be not ſo vnkind.

*Yacob.* Godts hannykin , vnkind ? But Boore geue mee gelt or pawne , or *Ick* ſall dee in de vanga port ſtar-uen.

*Lod.* No remedie? well,call my wife and daughter,

If they conſent to be engag'd to thee,
Ile leaue them, elſe, thou ſhalt impriſon me.

*Yacob.* Ha, godks toſtie mought Icke de skone Frow his wieff here hold, Ick begare niet coſt, niet zilver niet gold.

*Enter Oriana, Dyana, and Bunch.*

Dore ſhe comen, dore, dore, all ſo clare, wyet and zoole, as de zunne, wellicome zoota lieff, hey courage mine wan, alls ge done.

*Lodwick looks ſadly, Yacob merrily.*

*Oriana.* What Planets oppoſition haue we heare,
That makes a ſtorme in ſunſhine, heate in froſt?
The heauens are clouded, droſſie earth is cleare,
My husband frownes, but frolicke is mine hoſt,
O fire and Ice, O feare and doubt togither,
What enuious ſtarre directs my comming hither?

*Lod.* No heauier ſtarre nor more maleuolent
Needs *Lodwick*, then this Flemiſh excrement.
Deare *Oriana*, thou doſt know our ſtate
Caſt downe, ſpurnd, skornd by fortune, and by fate,
Yet neuer griefe ſo nearely galls my hart,
As when I thinke that thou and I muſt part.

*Or.* Why muſt we part?

*Lod.* Aske *Iacob*, he can tell.

*Ya.* Well meyſter, well yffrow, Ick mought de gelt heb, ye man hebt niet to betall, he ſall niet langer in my huys blieuen, keck ſee dore de skore Ick will him truſt nea mare Ick mought eane gage, eane pawnd heb dat muſt you ſelua bene, and you skone daughter by godth moorky he ſall to priſon to de vanga port els.

*Lod.* Well, then I muſt perſwade her patience,
To be thy pawne, thy priſoner in mine abſence.

*Bunch.* What? how pawne? how priſoner? for what? for the skore? a pox on that chalke, its an eaſier matter to chalk a pound, then to get a penney to pay it: you ſhall not goe, nor ſhe ſhall not lie to gage for a litle money: let me ſee how

how much is it? what be theſe Guilderns?

*Lodwick whiſpers with Oriana and Dyana.*

*Ya.* Yaw eleck eane a Guilder.

*Bunch.* Fiftie, and foure, and ſeuen, is fiue and fortie, maſſe I haue but twentie Stiuers toward it, thats all I haue ſau'd ſince I came here to *Newkerk*. This *Flaunders* is too thriftie a countrey, for here the women will heele their huſbands hoſe themſelues: faith if your skore had bene but a ſcore of Stiuers, I meane I would haue paid it, cleard the chalke cleane.

*Yacob.* Swegen and drinkin *Bunch*, de skone Frow and ſe daughter ſall be mien pawne, mien gage, me de Frow, dow de Meskyn.

*Bunch.* Ha, ſay you ſo? no Butterbox, Ile ſet a ſpoake in your cart: heare ye? this foule fat Smelt, tells me, that hee has ſmelt out a ſmocke commoditie for a pawne, that is to haue your wife and daughter to gage: if ye be wiſe, make your bargaine that hee doo not vſe your pawne, for though it will not be much the worſe for the wearing, yet it is pittie it ſhould bee ſlubbered by ſuch a cullion as *Yacob Smelt*.

*Lod.* Prithee be quiet, *Yacob* I will leaue.
My deareſt, moſt vnualued Iewels here:
Entreate them well as thou wilt anſwere me
At my returne, euen with thy deareſt bloud,
If they miſcarrie in thy cuſtodie.
Friend *Bunch* farewell, be kind vnto theſe twaine,
And if I liue Ile recompence thy paine.

*Bunch.* Faith as kind as Cockburne, Ile breake my heart to do them good. But whither will you goe?

*Lod.* I know not yet, where fortune ſhall direct,
Leaue vs a while to take a ſad farewell:
That done, I part, and they ſhall ſtay with you.

*Yacob.* Wel, wel, hah mien skone frieſter, mien lieff, dow ſall met mie blieuen, and di mannykin a weigh lope, heigh louſtick.

*Bunch.* Gep,wihi,ſee how the ſlouenly Smelt leapes: I thinke you could be content to be rid of this beere flye,this bacon fac'd Butterbox a while.

*Lod.* Indeed I could.

*Bunch.* Indeed and you ſhall, *Yacob* I haue newes for ye, paſſing profitable pleaſureable newes: theres a tunne of Engliſh ſtark beere, new come to *Newkerk* this day, at two Stiuers a ſtope,come Ile giue thee a ſtope or two.

*Yacob.* Gramercies *Bunch*,braue *Bunch*,mien lieuer brooer,Anglis beere?oh heare toſti godts towſand aweigh gane?

*Bunch.* Goe, well parting in a morning is paſt remedie at midnight, God bee with ye ſir, I could weepe, but my teares will not pleaſure ye, if I ſee ye no more till *I* ſee ye agen,god ha ye in his kitchen. As for you two I ſhall ſee you left in pledge till *I* haue drunke to you,and you pledg'd me twentie times: once more adiew.

*Exeunt Yacob and Bunch.*

*Lod.* Ah beaſtly brutall,baſer then the dung,
That haſt no touch nor feeling of my want,
That ſuch a drunken greaſie ſlaue diſcards:
Ah *Oriana*,neuer till this houre
Did I confeſſe my want or miſerie,
For but of thee,and my poore ſweete *Dyana*,
*I* neuer made account that ought was mine,
But poorer now then pouertie it ſelfe,
Of all *I* had you onely were the beſt,
Now muſt *I* too,forgoe you with the reſt.

*Ori.* Ah muſt we part? why whither wilt thou goe?
Ah my deare Lord,yet whil'ſt we liu'd togither,
With what content haue we endur'd our woe?
Now like a ſea-toſt Nauie in a ſtorme,
Muſt we be ſeuer'd vnto diuers ſhores?
O that the pooreſt beggers that do breath
Should yet haue that which is deni'd to vs,
But to haue partners in their miſerie.

*Dya.* Good

*Dya.* Good father ſince our fortune is to beg,
Let me become the beggar for you both:
What ſhall become of me, if you do leaue me?
Many will giue me bread if *I* do aske,
But there is none that can giue me a father.

*Lod.* Ah my poore wench, if *I* ſhould ſtay with you,
This gripple miſer, this vnciuill wretch,
Will for this litle that *I* am indebted,
Vnchriſtianly impriſon you and me,
Where we ſhall ſurely periſh then for want.
But *I* will croſſe the narrow ſeas for England
To London: where ere long *I* make no doubt,
To get ſo much, as ſhall redeeme you hence,
And ſhall redeeme this poore eſtate of ours,
Till fairer fortune hap to ſhew her head.

*Oria.* Farewell, farewell: now all my ioy doth goe,
Goe you alone, while we alone with woe.

*Dya.* Farewell deare father.

*Lod.* My ſweete gerle adiew,
He bleſſe vs all, that keepes both me and you.

*Exit Lodwick.*

*Enter Yacob and Bunch to Oriana and Dyana.*

*Ya.* Com't here *Bunch*, dow beeſt eane right ſhapt charle: O de ſtark Anglis beere; whore zijne, whoare zijne dieffrow and de skone daughter? keck dore *Bunch*, nempt de meskyn, *Ick* ſall de moore hebben: come *Oriana*, ou beene miene gage vor gelt, mijen liuer loue, mijen zooterkyn.

*Bunch.* Your ſooterkyn? your drunken skin, miſtreſſe how do ye? is your husband gone? why be of good cheare, heres a bunch of botchers left to comfort ye, take all in my purſe, ſpend all that *I* get, and command my worke to helpe ye out of debt.

*Ori.* Thankes gentle friend, but how ſhall *I* requite it?

*Bunch.* Tuſh, talk not of quittance, *Ile* liue by a pittance, vnline my purſe, and vſe my perſon, and for my limmes take the beſt in the bunch.

*Ya.* Godts

*Ya.* Godts ſacremente *Bunch*, ſweg, ſweg, come yffrow dye man is away gane, lat ource be frolicke, luſtick, heigh ſpeell zing and daunce. *Ick ſoue mijne Lyuerkin heye, Ick baſſe mijne zoota lieffe ho : ick mot niet ſlape, niet drenk zane* ſtopemedoont mijne Iolickaa froe, hey luſtick.

*Dya.* Wilt pleaſe ye mother, leaue this barbarous beaſt, And take you to your chamber?

*Oria.* I my child.

*Be going out.*

*Bunch.* Ile tell thee Snielt, thou ſhouldſt be a Codſhead thou art ſo rude: I am of the houſe of the Bunches, a bunch of keyes will gingle, a bunch of lathes will ring, a bunch of rootes are windie meate, and a bunch of garlick will make ye ſweate, yet I keepe no ſtirre.

*Ya.* Shellamick be gare niet dyffroes bene gan.

*Bunch.* Then let vs followe, wee ſhall ouertake them anon.

*Enter Lodwick fainting.*

*Lod,* Imperious fortune when thou doſt begin
To ſhew thine anger, how implacable
And how remorceleſſe are thy bitter checks?
To loſſe of honour, daunger of my life:
To the endaungering of my life, thou addeſt
A ſeperation twixt my wife and me.
To that, baſe pouertie: to that, contempt:
And now thou tak'ſt from me my ſtrength of limmes,
Infeebling me for lack of ſuſtenance.
All this thou giu'ſt me of thine owne accord,
One thing let me intreat thee to reſtore,
Which with my teares I beg, though thou would'ſt ſend
Death, to fill vp the meaſure of thy ſpight:
That it may be ſufficient thou haſt forc't
My heart to ſigh, my hands to beate my breaſt,
My feete to trauell, and my eyes to weepe,
Inioyne not now my tongue to aske an almes,
But thou art deafe, and I muſt either begge

Or

Or ſterue for foode to comfort me withall,
And loe in happie time here commeth one.

*Enter Sir Nicholas reading very earneſtly on a Letter.*

Where I may make a tryall of my skill,
A man it ſeemes belonging to the Church,
I haue ſome knowledge in the Latine tongue,
Perhaps for that heele ſooner pittie me.
*Siſte greſſus quaeſo reuerende Pater.*
*Et oculos flecte tuos in miſerum,*
*Reſpice ſpretum reſpice precor egenum.*
*Sir Ni.* Whats this?
*Lod. Oh miſerere paupertatis meæ,*
*Reſpice ſpretum reſpice precor egenum.*
*Sir Ni.* It ſeemes that thou art needie, and wouldſt beg
An almes of me, is that thy meaning, ſpeake?
*Lod. Ita domine ita, nam vehementer.*
*Sir Ni.* Tut a figges end, vehementer quotha?
Theres a word indeed to begge withall:
It is inough to bring thee to the ſtocks.
This is no Vniuerſitie, nor Schoole,
But a poore Village: and I promiſe thee,
I neuer could abide this Romiſh tongue.
Tis harſh, tis harſh, and we, I tell thee true,
Do eate and drinke in our plaine mother phraſe:
If thou doeſt want, and wouldſt haue part with vs,
Then do as we do, like an honeſt man,
Shew thy true meaning in familiar termes.
*Lod.* I am good ſir, if pleaſe you, much diſtreſt,
Hauing nor money, friends, nor meate to eate:
If it may ſtand with your humanitie
To giue me ſome reliefe, Ile pray for you,
And whilſt I liue be thankfull for the ſame.
*S. Ni.* Why ſo, now I vnderſtand thy meaning,
Is not this better farre then reſpice

And precor, and ſucli Inkehorne tearmes,
As are intollerable in a Common-wealth:
Coniurers do vſe them, and thou know'ſt
That they are held flat Fellons by the law.
Be ſure thou mightſt haue beg'd till thou were hoarſe,
And talkt vntill thy tougue had had the crampe,
Before thou wouldſt haue bene regarded once.
It is not good to be phantaſticall,
Or ſcrupulous in ſuch a caſe as this.
But to the purpoſe, thou art poore thou ſay'ſt?
*Lod.* Exceeding poore, poorer then *Irus*,
He did enioy the quiet of the minde,
Although his body were expos'd to want:
But I in body and in minde am vext.
*Sir Ni.* I feare by keeping riotous company
Or ſome ſuch miſdemeanours.
*Lod.* Then I wiſh,
That God may turn your hart from pittying me.
*Sir Ni.* Well, thou ſayſt well, thou haſt an honeſt face,
And art beſide, a pretie handſome fellowe:
Me thinkes thou couldſt not want a ſeruice long,
If thou wouldſt be contented to take paines.
*Lod.* Oh ſir, the world is grown ſo ful of doubts,
Or rather ſo confounded with ſelfe-loue,
As if a poore man beg, they ſtraight cõdemne him,
And ſay, he is an idle vagabound:
Or if he aske a ſeruice, or to worke,
They ſtraightway are ſuſpicious of his truth:
So that howeuer, they will find excuſe,
That he ſhall ſtill continue miſerable.
And tis as common as tis true withall,
The weakeſt euer goe vnto the wall.
*Sir Ni.* By my faith thou ſayſt true, the more is the pittie.
*Lod.* But if you will vouchſafe, becauſe my ſtate
Is very bare, and I am here vnknowne,
To be a meanes to helpe me to ſome place,

Where

Where I may ſerue: my paines I do not doubt,
Shall proue my pouertie no counterfeit.
*Sir Ni.* Faith I muſt tell thee, I haue litle coine,
My Benefice doth bring me in no more
But what will hold bare buckle & thōg together,
And now and then to play a game at bowles:
Or drinke a pot of Ale amongſt good fellowes.
And for my Pariſhioners, they are husbandmen,
Nor do I know of any lacks a ſeruant.
But this, the Sexton of our Church is dead,
And we do lacke an honeſt painfull man,
Can make a graue, and keepe our Clock in frame,
And now and then to toule a paſſing bell:
If thou art willing ſo to be emploid,
I can befriend thee.
*Lod.* Oh withall my heart,
And thinke me treble happie by the office.
*Sir Ni.* Thy wages is not great, not much aboue
Two Crownes a quarter, but thy vailes wil helpe,
As firſt the making of a graue's a groate,
Then ringing of the bell at euery buriall,
Two pence a knell: which likewiſe is a groate.
And now and then the maiſters of our Pariſh,
(As good man Flaile, & Bartholmew Pitchforke)
Will bid thee home to dine and ſup with them.
Beſide, thou haſt a houſe to dwell in rent-free:
And for the liking that I haue in thee,
Thou ſhalt be ſomewhat better too for mee:
The graſing of a pigge within the Churchyard,
Or when I gather vp my Tithes, an egge,
A good hogges pudding, or a peece of ſouſe:
What man tis good fare in a countrey houſe,
Come follow me, Ile ſee thee plac't forthwith.
*Lod.* I thanke you ſir, when all things run awry,
True labour muſt not be thought ſlauery.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Frederick and Odillia.*

*Fre.* If you be able to endure the way
Till we haue paſſed *Brabant*, we will on:
But Madam, if you hardly brooke your trauell,
Wee'll take the right hand way into the Forreſt,
Where we will ſhrowd vs ſecretly till night.
*Odillia.* Let vs not ſtay neare to my fathers Court,
Not for a world I would not hazard thee,
No world could ſaue if taken thou ſhouldſt bee,
Me thinkes tis long before the ſunne ariſe.
*Fre.* A it is long *Odillia* of thine eyes,
Who ſlumbring ſtill, imagines it is night,
And that the ſhining is his ſiſters light.
*Odil.* No, tis the Moone, ſweete *Ferdynand* I ſee,
Keepes backe her brother ſtill to looke on thee.
*Fre.* I maruell not poore light if ſhe decline,
When my *Odillia* doth ſo early ſhine.
*Odil.* Come, come, ſweete loue, O I am full of feare,
Bee I the Moone, thine arme muſt be my ſpheare.
*Fre.* O were I heauen, thou euer ſhould'ſt ſhine there.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Emanuell and Shamont.*

*Ema.* O miſerie, why didſt thou baite my fall
With theſe deſcending ſhadowes of my good?
*Sha.* My Lord, nere ſtand vpon theſe vaine exclaimes,
But by purſute, ſeeke to redreſſe your wrongs,
Tis ſpeedy expedition muſt recouer,
What light beleefe, and ouerſight hath loſt.
*Ema.* Horſes I ſay, let horſes be ſent forth,
No Chriſtian Prince that treads on *Europes* mold,
I thinke that will ſo farre engage his honour,
As entertaine this damned fugitiue,
Horſes I ſay, ſpurre, ſpurre, through euery coaſt,
Put on the wings of ſpeedy expedition,
In the purſuite of my *Odillia*:

Deaffen

Deaffen the very aire with your exclaimes,
And fill each Prouince with the ceaſleſſe brute,
Ring out this famous wrong in your purſuite.
*Sha.* Come, come, my Lord, inceſſant ſpeed muſt poſt,
Words cannot get what you haue vainely loſt.
*Enter Yacob, Oriana, and Dyana.*
*Ya.* Oh here godt, mijne lifekin, whare will ye from mee ganne?
*Ori.* Farewell mine hoſt, we are for England bound,
Out of your debt, for you are ſatisfied.
*Ya.* Yaw, yaw, ye heb well betalld.
*Ori.* So leaue I you to ſeeke my husband out,
Whom your vnciuill vſage forced hence,
Your imperfections *(Yacob)* are extreame,
Exceſſe in diet, kindled fire of luſt,
The ſmoake whereof vnkindly chaſt away
My louing husband, whom *I* muſt purſue.
We owe ye nothing, not ſo much as loue,
Since for your luſt you haue abuſde vs all,
We haue not falne, though want did wraſtle hard:
Our fingers ends our honours haue ſuſtaind,
*Flaunders* farewell, yrkſome without my Lord,
And *Newkerke* for his ſake be thou abhord.
*Ya.* Hore ye well yffrow: ken ye whare to find you mans?
*Ori.* I truſt at London.
*Dya.* Mother, pleaſe you goe?
The ayre's infected where this glutton breathes,
That makes vs Pilgrimes without deuotion.
Amend thy maners, or let all refuſe
To hoſt with thee, that wouldſt thy gueſſe abuſe.
*Exit Orian, and Dyana: manet Yacob.*
*Ya.* Adiew skone meskyn, adiew zoot frow,
Ick will mijne ſelue ſtaruen vp de galligo bobbintow,
Ick ſall be dode ſlone met dis meager loue.
*Enter Bunch.*
Sweg *Yacob* ſweg, here comt *Bunch* dat boue.

*Bun.* Now mine Hoſte rob pot, emptie kan, Beere ſucker, Gudgen, Smelt I ſhould ſay, haue the women paide ye?

*Yacob.* Yaw, yaw, all to mall.

*Bunch.* All to mall, drunken Cannyball, and where be they *I* pray ye?

*Ya.* A *Bunch*, *Bunch*, deye bene aweigh lop't,
Deye will niet langer met mije bleuen.

*Bunch.* Bleuen ye blockhead? no, thou art ſuch a drunken Goate, that the diuel will not dwell with thee, except he be in thy coate.
And whither are they gone Beere Barrell?

*Ya.* Ick weat not, for *Englant*, for *Lounares* they ſegt.

*Bun.* How? for *England?* for *London?*
O Saint Katherns Docke,
And leaue me behind them?
*Yacob* doeſt thou not mocke?

*Ya.* Niet for ware.

*Bunch.* For *Ware* drunkard? thou ſaidſt for *London* euen now.

*Ya.* Yaw for *Lounares*, tis ware, tis true.

*Bun.* Then gentle Swilboll, Ile bid *Flaunders* adieu.
O pittileſſe parcelles of womens fleſh, that knew *London* is my Country, and for all my good will would not call me to their Company: Well, *Bunch* will not banne them, nor yet follow them, nor yet tarry heere: but take vp my tooles, my preſſing Iron & Sheeres, my Needle & Thimble, and backe againe for *Fraunce*, to learne more wee, and wee daw, and ſo farewell *Yacob* with your great maw.
A dieu mine hoſt lick-ſpigot, at the ſigne of the ſlipper,
When you meet with the Cat, for my ſake whip her. (leuen,

*Ya.* Ha *Bunch*, mijen hart is gebroke, ick mought niet lang
Come met mey, at parting, ick fall de twea ſtopes van Bere (geuen.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Ferd. and Odillia.*

*Ferdi.* Thus farre (ſweet Lady) ſafely are we ſcap't,

And

And hardly ſhall they ouertake vs now,
Though euery way purſuite do follow vs.
Be cheerfull then *Odillia*, Loue is guide
Who ſweares that Fortune ſhall vs not diuide.
*Odillia.* Deare *Ferdinand* I neither feare nor doubt,
Perrill is but a Bugbeare for a childe,
My heart is firme, and fortified with loue,
Witneſſe this deſperate tender of mine honour
Into thy hands, which thou haſt yet preſeru'd.
*Fer.* And will preſerue it whilſt I draw this breath,
And bring it facred to our nuptiall bed.
*Odil.* Then *Ferdinand* belike ye meane to wed?
*Fer.* Meane not you ſo?
*Odil.* Yes, but with whom?
*Fer.* Madame *I* truſt with mee.
*Odil.* Well maiſt thou truſt, Ile marry none but thee.
I know thy bringing vp, though not thy birth,
Thou art deriu'd from *Adam*, form'd of earth,
From that firſt Parent all deſcended are,
Then who begat or bare thee that's not my care.
Thou ſtolſt my heart, I ſtole with thee thus farre,
Loue wrought our ioy, lack ſhall not make vs iarre.
*Fer.* O happie accents of a heauenly tongue.
*Odil.* Lets iourney on, we tarry here too long.

*Enter Bunch.*

Alas who is this?
*Bunch.* Faith one that will do ye no wrong.
*Fer.* Peazant thou canſt not.
*Bun.* No ſir ye are deceiu'd, I am no Peazant, I am *Bunch* the Botcher: Peazants be plowmen, I am an Artificiall.
*Odil.* Simple and pleaſant this poore fellow ſeemes,
Queſtion him further, *Ferdinand*.
*Fer.* I will: My friend where are wee?
*Bunch.* Cannot you tell?
*Ferdi.* No.

*Bunch.*

*Bunch.* Then ye ha no wit, are not we heare *I* pray you?
*Fer.* We are here indeed, but ſay what countrey's this?
*Bunch.* Nay ye ask'd me not that before,
Nor I cannot tell ye it now.
*Odil.* Whither goe you my friend?
*Bunch.* Tis true indeed your friend, and *Barnabie Bunch*, *I* am going to *Fraunce*.
*Fer.* And can ye ſpeake French?
*Bunch.* I ſir I would be ſorie elſe.

*Enter Ledwick like a Sexton.*

*Fer. D'ou veni vou?*
*Bunch.* I neuer learnd ſo farre, *I* cannot tell ye that, I am but a ſtraunger in the country: here comes one perchance can tell ye.
*Fer.* I pray you ſir what territorie's this?
*Led.* Part of the baſe countrey of *Fraunce* it is,
The Village name is *Ards* in *Picardy*.
*Fer.* What entertainment can the town afford
To trauellers?
*Led.* Too meane for ſuch as you.
*Fer.* Inhabit you this Village?
*Ld.* *I* forſoothe.
Why gazeſt thou vpon me ſo my friend?
*Bunch.* By *Iacobs* ſtaffe and *Iumballs* fiddle,
Becauſe Ile ſpoſe ye with a Riddle.
Two hees, two ſhees, by night fled tuch,
And light vpon a hannykin Dutch.
*Iacob* builded a new kerke,
And with his chaulk writ ſuch a quirke,
That wife and child were left alone,
The skore is paid, and they are gone.
*Led.* Let this alone friend till another time,
My skill is ſmall in Riddles or in Rime,
Be ſilent *Bunch*, till we be rid of theſe.

*Cloſe aſide to Bunch.*

*Fer.* You ſeeme a man belonging to the Church,

And

And we haue Church-worke to be finiſhed:
In plaineſt termes, we would be married,
Accompliſh our deſire for recompence.
*Lod.* I bluſh not at my calling Gentleman,
The Sextens place of *Ards* I now profeſſe,
If that faire damſell do conſent with you,
Ile call the Viccar to conioyne ye ſtraight.
*Odil.* Call him good friend, for my conſent is paſt.
*Bun.* Nay but call him quickly, for ye ſee ſhees in haſt.
*Lod.* Maiſter, Sir *Nicholas*, heer's a commoditie,
A marriage that muſt quickly be diſpatch'd.

*Enter Sir Nicholas.*

*Nicho.* Gramercy Sexten, this was featly watch'd.
Welcome freſh Gallants to the Towne of *Ards*.
A prettie couple, youthfull as the ſpring, ſweete as is May morning, doo you deſire to be knit togither?
*Ferd.* In holy marriage (Sir) would we be ioynd.
*Nich.* In holy wedlocke Gentles, ſo I meane,
Ye are in the ſtate of grace, Twinnes in affection,
Turtles in true loue, I know ye haue no Lycenſe,
And tis no matter; holie matrimony ſhall paſſe my libertie
Without examining: youl pay mee?
*Ferd.* I.
*Nich.* Come, Ile glue ye togither by and by,
To the lawfull bed, to the lawfull bed:
Fie on this Fornication, this laſciuious luſt:
And yet the fleſh prickes my holy ſelfe now and then:
Come follow mee, Ile call ſome more witneſſe,
And clap it vp preſently.

*Ex. Ferdinand, Odillia, and Nicholas. Manent Lod. and Bunch, who haue whiſpered.*

*Lod.* But are my wife and daughter gone indeed

For *London?* and haue paide the debt we ought?
*Bunch.* By my ſheeres, (and thats a ſhauing oath)
They are gone for *London*, they haue paide *Iacob:*
But they ſhall looſe their labour,
Becauſe you are not in *England.*
*Lod.* But I will ſend, or I will ſoone be there,
*I* muſt not liue diuided from my ioy.
*Bunch.* And yet *I* thinke you liue well
By this Science of Sextenſhip:
Lord, do not you pray that the pippe may catch the people,
That you may earne many groats for making graues?
Your Church wardens finde bell-ropes,
And you hands to ſhake them.
*Lod.* Th'art a mad fellow, but how knewſt thou mee,
*In* this diſguiſe?
*Bunch.* Tut well ynough: But harke the Viccar calls.
*Lod.* Come *Bunch*, weell finde more time to talke annon.
*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hernando, Don Hugo and Mercury diſguiſde, in priuate conference with Hernando, with Souldiours.*

*Her. I* like thy words, and though *I* recke not much
The death of any priuate man in *France*,
Becauſe in multitudes conſiſts our glory:
Yet to make knowne how we do cheriſh ſuch
As will in any ſort reuolt to vs,
Kill *Epernoune* as thou haſt vndertane,
And thy reward ſhall be a Tunne of gold.
*Mer. Hernando I* will do it, not ſo much
For mony, as for zeale *I* beare to *Spaine*,
Though *I* confeſſe the principall reaſon
That vrgeth me being a French man borne,
So to forget the loue my Country claimes.

Is the

Is the vnſufferable wrongs *I* beare,
The wrongs that *Epernoune* hath done to mee,
And in that point *I* hold it no diſgrace
To malice him, that firſt diſhonour'd mee.
*Her.* Why true, thy reaſon is ſubſtantiall.
For ſay a Father do forget to ſhewe
The loue by nature he doth owe his ſonne,
*In* my opinion tis no ſinne at all,
*If* ſuch a ſonne caſt off the awfull dutie
Which to his Father otherwiſe were due.
*In* all things iuſt proportion muſt be kept.
*If* the king care not for the Common-wealth,
Why ſhould the Common-wealth reſpect the kinge.
But to the purpoſe: how wilt thou continue
The manner of his death?
*Mer.* Why as *I* told your grace
*In* this daies parley twixt the French and you,
Whilſt you are buſie, ile inſert my ſelfe
Amongſt the ſouldiers of that aged Earle,
And gathering neere his perſon, ſuddenly
Thus ſend my poyniard to his hatefull breſt.
*Stay his arme.*
*Hugo.* What didſt thou meane to wound our Generall?
*Her.* Silence *Don Ugo*, no ſuch matter man,
He is a villaine, and weele vſe him ſo.
*Mer.* *I* am indifferent, had *I* ſpilt his bloud,
*It* was my comming: but preuented thus:
Now *Epernoune* ſhall be the marke *I* aime at;
For one *I* vow, though to haue ſlaine them both
Had bene exceeding good: how now my Lord?
Miſconſter not, *I* meant your grace no hurt,
Though mine inkind'led fury when *I* thought
Of *Epernoune*, made me draw forth my ponyard,
*It* was to ſhewe how reſolute *I* am.
*Her.* *I* know it was, ſound we parley then,

That *Epernoune* may know we are in place,
Where conference was appointed to be had:
And as they march, fall thou in ring with them.

*Enter Epernoune carried in his Chaire, and ſouldiers marching.*

Now Cripple what your legges refuſe to doo,
*I* know your hands will preſently performe:
*I* meane, deliuer me the Crowne of *France*.
*Eper.* Raiſe me a litle, fellowes in my chaire,
*Hernando*, what ſaidſt thou? deliuer thee
The Crowne of *France*? why ſtragling Spaniard
What makes thee ouerweene thy valour ſo?
Thinkes thou becauſe *I* ſeeme a witherd tree
That *I* am ſapleſſe quite? no Duke, there liues
Within this riueld flint ſome ſparkes of fire,
Which if thou touch, will flie into thy face.
Nor do not thou contemne me for mine age,
This eye is not ſo dimme, but *I* perceiue
The markes of arrogance vpon thy browe:
*I*, and for frowne, *I* can returne thee frowne.
What glory not ſo much vpon thy ſtrength,
The day hath bene this body which thou ſeeſt
Now falling to the earth, but for theſe proppes
Hath made as tall a ſouldier as your ſelfe.
Totter within his ſaddle: and this hand
Now ſhaking with the palſie, came the beter
Of my proud Foe, vntill he did forget
What ground he ſtood vpon: go too, go too,
The Crowne of *France* deliuerd to thy hand?
Good King, how is thy dignitie blaſphemde?
But do thy worſt, *I* am his Subſtitute,
And though *I* cannot ſtrike, yet with a becke
Can *I* raiſe vp more fiſts about thine eares
Than thou haſt haires vpon thy tawny ſcalpe.

*Her.*

*Her.* Am I reuilde and baffled to my face,
And by a Dotard? one but for his tongue,
In whom there is no difference twixt himſelfe,
A meere Anothomie, a Iack of lent,
And the pale Image of a bloudleſſe ghoaſt?
Yet doth he looke as big as *Hercules*,
And would be thought to haue a voice like thunder.
Well *Epernouns*, there is a priuiledge
That babes may ſpeake their pleaſure without check,
Elſe quickly ſhould my ſword breake off this parlie,
And with a fillip ſend thee to thy graue.

*Eper.* Calleſt a me backe? it neuer ſhall be ſaid,
But *Epernoune* will ſhew himſelfe a man,
And whil'ſt the breath is in his noſthrills, proue
A reall ſubſtance, and maintaine the right
Of *Lewis* of *Fraunce*, euen by the dint of ſword:
Lend me your hands, Ile chalenge him the fight.
Twit me with babe? lend me your hands I ſay.

1. *Sol.* Ah good my Lord preſume not, you are weake.

*Eper.* Weake knaue? thou lieſt.

*Her.* Get him a ſtanding ſtoole,
And then perhaps the child will learne to goe.

*Eper.* Yet child againe? alack it will not be,
My heart is good inough, but tirant age
Benummes thoſe inſtruments with which my heart
Should execute the office of a Knight.
*Medyna* thou mayeſt thanke the rigorous hands
Of ſtrength-decaying age: theſe legges of mine
Had they not proued rebels to my minde,
Ere this I would haue taught thee to vſurpe
Vpon our confines; but what they omit,
Here are both armes and legges to ſee performd.

1. Sirrha ſtand back, know'ſt thou what manners is?
To preſſe ſo neare the perſon of our Generall?

*Mer.* I am a ſouldier, wherefore may I not?

1. Shall euery common ſouldier at a time
When ſerious matters are determind on,
Betwixt both Armies: impudently thruſt
*Into* the ſecrets of his Prince? ſtand backe.
2. Lay hands vpon the villain, ſee within his fiſt,
A naked poyniard.
*Eper.* How now countreymen,
What vnexpected mutinie is that?
*Her.* A plague vpon't, Don *Vgo* hees diſcouerd.
1. Some treaſon as it ſeemes my noble Lord,
This baſe companion ſince you firſt began
To ſit in parlie: hath at ſundry times
Saucily preſumde to vndermine your talke,
And being reprehended for the ſame,
We found this dagger hid within his ſleeue.
*Eper.* Doubtleſſe he meant to murder me,
Now God be thanked I haue ſcapt his hands.
*Her.* Liſt *Epernoune*, he is a man of mine,
Touch not a haire of him, leaſt for that haire
I ſend a hundred thouſand of your ſoules
To dwell in darkneſſe.
*Eper.* How? a man of thine?
Vnleſſe I be deceiu'd I know that face,
It is the Traitor *Mercury*, diſguiſde.
*Her.* *Mercury* my foe? had I but known ſo much
*I* would haue made him ſure inough ere this,
But *Epernoune*, marke what I ſay to thee,
*If* thou wilt redeliuer to my hands
That iugling Duke, as *I* am Gentleman
And true to *Spaine*, *I* will depart your land.
*Eper.* Deliuer him? not for the wealth of *Spaine*.
Nor for the treaſure you do yearely bagge
From both the *Indies*: but *Meayna* ſay,
What reaſon mou'd thee terme the Duke thy man?

And

And wherefore didſt thou mention redeliuerie,
As though ſometime he had bene in thy hand?
*Her.* Ile tell thee *Epernoune*, as I am Knight,
Not ſweruing from the truth in any point,
And keeping faith accordingly reward
His traiterous purpoſe, which is all I craue.
This morning he was brought vnto my Tent,
Where being admitted, openly he ſhewd
How he had bene diſgrac't and wrongd by thee,
For which he promiſde, if I would conſent
In this dayes parlie, he would murder thee.
I ſeeing his reſolution, was perſwaded:
And promiſing, I needs muſt ſay, reward,
Though I do know when he had done the deed,
How I was minded to haue dealt with him,
He thruſt himſelfe amongſt thy followers,
And what the perill is you ſee your ſelues,
But all this while I knew not who he was,
More then a priuate diſcontented perſon,
For if I had, the wretch had neuer liued
To be an ey-ſore to his countreymen.
1. Oh bloudy practiſe, ſouldiers ioyne with me,
And we will teare him peece-meale with our hands.
*All the reſt.* Agreed: let him not liue a minute longer.
*Eper.* Pacifie your ſelues, not one of you
On paine of our diſpleaſure, once offer
To touch a limbe of him: Ingratefull Duke,
Wherein hath *Epernoune* deſeru'd thy hate,
That thou ſhouldſt baſely ſeek to murder him?
But wherefore aske I that? when tis well knowne,
Thou didſt as wrongfully purſue the life
Of noble *Lodwick*, that true Gentleman,
That very mappe of honourable cariage.
Amend, amend, be ſory for thy fault,
That though thy body periſh by the law,

Thy

Thy wretched ſoule may haue a place in heauen.
*Mer.* Tell not me *Epernoune* of heauen nor hell,
I am a Peere, and Regent of this Realme,
And thus you ought not to entreat a Prince.
*All Soul.* Thou Regent of the Realme? ſpeake that againe,
And we will ſlit thy weaſand with our ſwords.
*Eper.* Souldiers forbeare.
*Her.* Nay *Epernoune* ſhew iuſtice,
Vpon that caitiffe, that periured ſlaue,
That coward Duke, or here I do proteſt,
For euer I will ſpeake in thy diſpraiſe,
Reporting to the world thou art no Knight,
Nor worthy of the name of *Epernoune*.
*Eper.* My Lord, I may not take vpon my ſelfe,
To be his iudge, he is a Peere of *Fraunce*,
And muſt haue open triall by his Peeres,
But when the King my maiſter doth returne,
As ſhortly we are told he meanes to doo,
At his diſcretion be his puniſhment.
Meane ſpace *Medyna* I can do no mote,
But ſee him ſafely kept in Iron bands.
*Her.* Now that as thou art Knight, and for this day
I do proclaime a ſollemne truce with thee,
And not a ſword of ours ſhall hurt the French.
*Eper.* As I am Knight, and leadge-man to the King,
He ſhall be kept in fetters till he come.
*Her.* It is inough: now backe vnto our Tents.
*Eper.* And we vnto the Citie whence we came,
And for our ſafetie, praiſe *Iehouas* name.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*Enter Villiers the Merchant, with Oriana and Diana.*

*Oriana.* How ſhall we gentle Sir requite the grace
Which in ſo great neceſſitie we finde
At your kind hands? but with our daily praiers,
Implore the heauens for your proſperitie?
*Dia.* Which we will neuer ceaſe to do, ſo long
As life remaines in our diſtreſſed bodies.
*Vil.* Theſe words are needleſſe, what I do to you,
The dutie of a Chriſtian bindes me too.
Remember then the promiſe you haue made,
That if your husband liue not, whom your ſelues
Do verily imagine to be dead,
That then you are my wife.
*Oria.* That promiſe *I* wil keepe
Vnfeignedly, with hartie thankes to heauen,
That if my husband do not breathe this life,
My miſerie yet ſorts me at the laſt
A ſecond choiſe, ſo louing and ſo kind.
*Dia.* And I right willingly ſhall call him Father,
That in ſuch vertuous ſort reſpects our need,
Without impeachment of our honeſt fame,
Debarring wicked luſt to blot the ſame.
*Vil.* When I do otherwiſe, then as beſeemes
The reputation both of your ſelues and me,
Conuert your loue to me, to deadly hate,
And may all tongues condemne me with reproofe.
Come in then, take poſſeſſion of your owne,
My lands, my houſe, my goods and all is yours,
Only my ſiſters portion, which I haue,
Vpon our troth-plight vow of marriage,
(*If* ſo your husband liue not,) ſet apart
And ordred in a readineſſe for her.
Come louely mother, and thy vertuous childe,
When angry ſtormes are paſt, the heauens do ſmile. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Ferdinand, Odillia, and Lodowicke.*

*Odil.* Thus *Ferdinand I* ſee that we muſt part.

*Ferd.* Our needie ſtate enforceth it ſweete heart.
*Odil.* Will you to *Fraunce?*
*Ferd.* To *Fraunce.*
*Odil.* And to the warres?
*Ferd.* To my aduancement, war muſt be the meane,
I cannot digge, I haue no handy-craft:
Our coyne is ſpent, and yet I cannot craue,
And thought of want, your want doth wound my ſoule,
When I conſider what you are.
*Odil.* O peace.
What am *I* but the wife of *Ferdinand*,
By loue and faith vnto thy fortunes bound?
O let me follow thee to thoſe French warres
*Ferd.* O prize your honour and my credit more,
Were it conuenient, we would not diuide:
But as it is, I muſt goe, you muſt bide.
*Odil.* So ſayes diſcretion, but true loue repines,
That want ſhould ſeuer thoſe whom he combines,
But pardon ſweete, my ſpeech is ſpent in vaine,
You muſt depart, when will ye come againe?
*Ferd.* Soone, if ſucceſſe do anſwere my deſire.
*Odil.* Youle write to mee?
*Ferd.* As oft as *I* can ſend.
*Odil.* Youle leaue me heere?
*Ferd.* With this aſſured friend,
Whoſe kindneſſe in abundance we haue found.
*Lod.* Alaſſe good ſir, my meanes are weake ye know,
In ſooth *I* am no richer then *I* ſhow:
Were wiſhes wealth, your want ſhould be ſupplide,
And haue no power your perſons to diuide.
For *I* proteſt, in all my life before,
I nere ſaw two whom I affected more.
But this addes waight to mourners loaden griefe,
Words may bemoane, but cannot giue reliefe.
For part you muſt, extremitie to ſhunne,
*In* warres is wealth and honour to be wonne.
*Odil.* And fame, and death, and then am *I* vndonne.
*Lod.* Why death dwells here, you ſee my daily trade, For

For men of peace how many graues are made:
Your ſpowſe with wealth and worſhip may returne,
And bring you ioy, that at his parting mourne.
Hope ſo, and hinder not his good intent,
That for his honour, and your welfare's meant.
O that my cottage where ye muſt remaine,
Were (for your ſake) the glorioufſt houſe in *Spaine*:
But as it is, your owne it is, and I
Your poore poore hoſt will tend you carefully.
But I am tedious in perſwaſion,
And you foreſlow the preſent times occaſion.
*Odil.* O do not mount him on the wings of haſt
That goes too ſoone.
*Ferd.* Deareſt, mine houre is paſt,
You gaue me leaue to goe, reuoke it not,
By lingring here theres no good fortune got.
*Odil.* Youle weare my fauour?
*Ferd.* Elſe let heauen hate me.
*Odil.* Farewell ſweete heart.
*Ferd.* Deare Loue God comfort thee.
Father, I leaue my Iewell in your hand. *Ferd. is going.*
*Lod.* I will be carefull.
*Odil.* Sweete heart, *Ferdinand.*
*Ferd.* What ſayes *Odillia?*
*Odil.* Nothing but God-buoy ye. *Exit. Ferdinand.*
*Lod.* Such loth farewell my wife and daughter tooke:
God bleſſe them both, and ſend vs well to meete.
Take comfort Lady, though this houre be ſad,
His ſafe returne with wealth, may make you glad.

*Enter Sir Nicholas and Bunch: Sir Nicholas hath a Paper in his hand.*

*Ni.* Sexton, I haue ſought thee in euery ſeate in the Church, doubting thou hadſt bin drowſie, and falne aſleep in ſome piew.
*Bunch.* Ile be ſworne from the Chauncell to the Belfrey ye haue ſought him, and in the Steeple, for feare he had bene crept into a Bell, and bene aſleepe: Lord how do you miſtreſſe? fie, why do you weepe?

*Ni.* Faire Lady, let paſſe mourning for the abſent; tis like ſorrowing for the dead: either *Idolatrie* or Hypociſie, *I* cannot tell which: I could preach patience to ye, but your owne wit is as much as my learning: your husbands abſence you muſt beare; yea and beare him alſo; in minde *I* meane: there bee but three things that ſaue vs or condemne vs: that is, thoughts, words, and deeds: and you may haue comfort in all, and ſo be ſaued in them all; your owne good thoughts a good comfort: your friends good words, a better comfort: and your husbands good deeds at his returne, the beſt comfort. Thus much for inſtruction. Commaund my ſeruice day and night, to ride and runne to doo ye good.

*Odil.* So M. Viccar, I am glad ye haue done.

*Ni.* For this time and place *I* haue, becauſe I haue ſomewhat to ſay to my Sexton: here is a thing in writing (Sexton) that is ſent to be publiſhed through all the French Kings dominions. Read it, let me heare it, and then thou ſhalt know my minde.

*Lodwick readeſ.*

To all Chriſtians, and eſpecially to the Kings Liedge-people, Lord *Epernoune* and the reſt of the French Nobilitie ſend greeting: whereas the thrice noble, and renowmed Prince *Lodowick* Duke of *Bulloigne*, was by the Kings Maieſtie (at his departure to goe on his deuoted pilgrimage to the bleſſed Sepulchre) appointed Ioynt-gouernour, Regent, and Protector of the Realme of *Fraunce*: togither with that pernitious Arch-traytor *Mercurie*, Duke of *Anion* during the Kings abſence. And that the ſaid noble Duke of *Bulloigne* was by the trecherous, vniuſt, and vnlawfull Force of the ſaid *Mercury*, expulſed out of his Dukedome, Lands, Territories, and Reuenewes, and diſpoſſeſſed of his place, if not of his life. For as much as the ſaid notorious malefactor *Mercurie*, hath ſithence proued himſelfe an open enemie vnto his native Countrey and King. We haue thought good to publiſh and proclaime, that whoſoeuer can bring true notice of the ſafetie and life of the ſaid Duke *Lodwick*, ſhall haue twentie thouſand Crownes. And he that doth preſent him aliue, ſhall haue fiftie thouſand Crownes. To the end that the ſaid moſt honourable vertuous Duke may be fully repoſſeſſed and reſtored

to

to all his Lands, Liberties and places of authoritie in this Realme of *Fraunce*. Dated the laſt of May, &c. Subſcribed by *Epernoune* and other.

*Ni.* By my holy orders thou art as well worthy to be a Vicar as my ſelfe, thou readeſt ſo well: *I* pre thee ſoone at Euenſong read this to the Pariſhioners, *I* cannot be there, for I haue promiſed to bowle a match with good fellowes this afternoone at *Guynes* for a wager, wet and drie, vz. two gallons of *Gaſcoyne* wine, and two French Crownes, *I* can ſtay no longer, *I* feare they ſtay for mee.

*Bunch.* By this light *I* neuer ſawe him make ſuch haſte into the Pulpit.

*Lod.* Heare me one word good maiſter ere ye goe,
And graunt me one petition, which is ſhort.
All theſe French Crownes dare *I* aſſure mine owne:
For *I* do know where that poore Duke remaines,
And will preſent him to old *Epernoune*.
My ſute is, that youle take this honeſt *Bunch*
To be your Sexton whileſt *I* am away.

*Ni.* *I* am content, giue *Bunch* the Church-doore key,
Vpon condition thou wilt ſay
Euen-ſong to the Pariſh this afternoone,
And read that publication to them.
Then go thy way to morrow if thou wilt:
Lord how time paſſes: *I*n my conſcience *I* burne day-light,
Tis one a clocke at leaſt. Fare ye well, fare ye well,
*I* come yfaith lads, *I* come, though *I* come late,
I hope to lie as neare the Miſtreſſe as any of ye all.

*Exit.*

*Bunch.* Well, *I* ſee *I* ſhall haue your office, and *I* truſt youle beſtow your ſpade and your pick-axe vpon mee, that *I* may grinde them ſharpe, to diſpatch a graue quickly. And *I* pray you as ye trauell vp into high *Fraunce*, ſend the plague and the pox, and as many diſeaſes as you can, downe into this Countrey to kil the people, that *I* may get money for their graues making.

*Lod.* Here, here take the key, and toll to Euening prayer,
*I*le do my maiſters bidding ere *I* goe.

*Bunch. Sanctiamen,* God giue mee ioy and luck in mine office. Now boyes beware that ye wipe not your noſes on your ſleeues, for and ye do, off goes your arme with the Church doore key. And dogs keepe out of the Chauncell, ye ſhall ſmell of the whip elſe. And honeſt Prentices, if ye pleaſe me, Ile not ring the foure a clock Bell till it be paſt fiue: an occupation and an office? now I ſee I ſhall thriue.

*Exit.*

*Odil.* And will you goe and leaue me here alone
My onely friend, now *Ferdinand is gone*?
*Lod.* Ask of your thoughts if they can counſel keep:
Which if vpon your honour you aſſure,
You ſhall partake a ſecret very ſtraunge.
*Odil.* My faith and honour be engag'd for it.
*Lod.* Exterior ſhowes expreſſe not alwaies truth,
Nor do imaginations euer faile:
My Sextons caſe doth clowde Nobilitie.
And (if opinion do not reaſon wrong)
Rich noble blood flowes through your pure cleare veines,
Which conceit drawes theſe ſecrets from my ſoule.
That fortunes ſcorne, that ſorrow-toſſed Duke
*Lodwick* of *Bulloigne* tells this tale to you
That can conceiue, conceale, and counſell mee.
Say Lady, (for I know you are no leſſe)
Haue I not cauſe when Proclamation tells,
That *Lodwick* ſhall receiue redreſſe of wrongs?
To claime the due that therevnto belongs?
*Odil.* Great cauſe my Lord, and I to be content,
In this poore Coate to reſt me patient,
Vntill my husband come or ſend for me.
*Lod.* O had theſe tydings come ere he had gone,
Then he nor *I* had trauelled alone:
For Lady, *I* affirme it conſtantly,
*I* loue the Gentleman religiouſly,
Which in my bettered fortunes he ſhall find,
And then to you *I* purpoſe to be kind:
Then what you are, ſpeake freely your faire mind.

*Odil.*

*Odil.* *Emanuell* Duke of *Brabant* calld me child,
Till him for loue my *Ferdinand* beguild.
*Lod.* I ſaid and knew ye were no vulgar Dame,
For ſparkes of honour will burſt into flame:
Hapleſſe *Odillia*, but moſt fortunate,
Compar'd with my poore wiues and daughters ſtate.
*Odil.* Where be thoſe Ladies? let me them attend.
*Lod.* O knew I where, all griefe were at an end:
I heare, that London is their manſion place.
*Odil.* But ſhall they not be ſent for by your grace?
*Lod.* Not yet *Odillia*, firſt Ile viſit *France*:
Where if good ſtarres my ſtate do readuance,
And graunt me power to free my natiue ſoyle,
From thoſe that now her wealth and beautie ſpoyle:
I may with comfort then call home my Ioy,
Till then, their ſight will but reuiue annoy.
*Odil.* What can you prize ſo highly as their ſight?
*Lod.* Women diſcerne not mens affaires aright:
I prize mine honour, and my countreys good,
More than wife, children, or my proper blood.

*A Bell tolls within.*

Harke the Bell tolls, the Sexton I muſt play
By promiſe once, to morrow Ile away.
Let me receiue ſome token at your hand,
That I may carrie vnto *Ferdinand*:
And this forget not, for a finall end,
To come to vs if we for you do ſend.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Epernoune brought in, in his chayre.*

So from this place I ſhall behold the fight
Betwixt both Armies: now go one of you,
And with our Leaders preſently giue charge,
The other ſtay with me: Oh might the fight
Of *Epernoune*, be like the noone-tide Sun,
With the reflection of his feeble eye,
To melt like waxe the courage of our foes,
And make the French men ſtiffe as Adamant:

Then

Then could my heart excuſe mine idle hands,
That they beare not a part in this conflict.
But now defiance from each partie flies.

*Sound Trumpet firſt.*

*Enter Ferdinand purſuing Don Hugo, cutting him ſoundly.*

A valiant Gentleman what ere thou art,
And by mine honour very nobly fought:
I haue not ſeene in all my life before,
So young, a tender, and effeminate face,
Father ſuch rough and manly fortitude,
How like a waightie hammer did his ſword
Fall on the Spaniards ſhrinking burgonet?
That had he not betooke him to his heeles,
This houre had bene his lateſt houre of life.

*Alarum.*

*Enter Ferdinand againe, purſuing Don Hugo.*

What ſtill in chace? he will not giue him ore
Till he hath ſlaine, or made him yeeld I ſee:
A right begotten cocktell of the game.
Whence may he come? as I remember me,
I neuer ſawe him in our campe till now.
I prithee goe raunge, through our battaile rankes,
And when you ouertake him, gently craue
He will vouchſafe to come and ſpeake with me.
My heart's enamourd on his valourous deeds,
Spaniard, ſome more of ſuch a haughtie breed,
Would make the ſtouteſt of your hearts to bleed.

*Enter Ferdinand.*

And here he comes, faire bud of Chiualrie.
Welcome to *Epernoune*, giue me your hand,
*I* thanke you euen with all my very heart,
For this good ſeruice you haue done to day.
Are you of *Fraunce I* pray you, or what place,
Is honourd by your noble parentage?
*Fer.* I am (my Lord) the Duke of *Brabants* ſubiect,
A younger brother, whoſe inheritance

Is litle more then what his ſword ſhall purchace,
And for that cauſe, admoniſht of theſe warres
Betweene the haughtie Spaniard and this Realme,
The noble *Burbon* gaue me entertaine.
*Eper.* Are you his ſouldier? truſt me for his ſake,
I loue you better then I did before,
And for ſome confirmation of my loue,
Take this in earneſt of a greater good.
*Fer.* I humbly thanke your Lordſhip, and will reſt
A faithfull ſeruitor to *Fraunce* and you.
*Eper.* Nay ſtay a while, refreſh your weary limbes,
A litle intermiſſion will do well,
A midſt theſe ſweating gorboyles: holy roode
There runnes a thought into my labouring minde,
Which from my heart ſends gladneſſe to mine eyes.
Me thinkes the more I view this Gentleman,
The more he doth reſemble *Bulloignes* Duke,
The vertuous *Lodwick* both for face and limbe,
When he and I were fellow-mates in armes,
Againſt the Turke, ſuch deeds of hardiment,
Did *Lodwick* ſhew as he hath done this day.
Euen ſuch a ieſture had he when he talkt,
As milde and affable in time of peace,
As he was ſterne and boiſtrous in the warres.
All theſe apparant in this towardly youth,
Earle *Lodowicks* want doth wet my cheekes with ruth.
*A ſhoute within, enter a Souldier.*
What meanes this chearefull ſhoute?
*Sol.* My Lord,
The battle of the Spaniards is diſperſt:
Beſide, I bring to you this happie newes,
The worthy Duke of *Bulloigne* long deſirde,
And much bewailed for his iniurie,
Liues and returnd about an houre ſince.
At his firſt comming, armd in complete ſteele,
Chaleng'd the Duke *Medyna* at his Tent,
And there in ſingle combat like himſelfe,

And like a father of his countreys weale,
Hath ſlaine that proude diſturber of our peace:
For which the Souldiers as you heard my Lord,
Did fill the ayre with their applauſiue ſhoutes:
Thronging about him in ſuch cluſtering heapes,
To ſee his face and do him reuerence,
As ſcarce he hath free paſſage to this place.
*Eper.* Oh that I had or legges, or wings to flie,
That I might quickly ſatisfie mine eie
With ſight of him whoſe companie's more worth
Then heapes of countleſſe, and vnvalued Treaſure.
But wher's the other Leader of that route,
Surnam'd *Don Vgo*, is he ſcapte the field?
*Sol.* This Gentleman before *Medyna* dyed,
Gaue him his paſport to his longeſt home.
But my good Lord, I almoſt had forgot
The latter part of my behouefull meſſage.
There is a ſtraunger Duke, of whence, my haſte
Suffred me not to be inſtructed,
That likewiſe came with aide vnto our Campe,
And is well knowne vnto my Lord of *Bulloigne*.
*Eper.* Now if I were incloſde within my graue,
I would as willingly forſake the world,
As wofull priſoners many yeares deteind
In darke obſcuritie, could be content
To chaunge the dungeon for a publike walke.
But firſt let vs embrace our louing friend.
*Sol.* Your honor may ſit ſtill, hees comming hither.

*Enter Lodwick, Emanuell Duke of Brabant with ſouldiers.*

*Eper.* Right worthy Duke, whoſe victories euer ſhonne
Through cloudes of enuy, and diſaſter chaunge,
Make rich my boſome with imbalming thee,
And wherein ought my reſtraines my faltring tongue
Let vowes for words diſtinguiſh my content.
Welcome, oh welcome to vngouernd *Fraunce*,
Whoſe working garment of afflicting warre,

Is now caſt off, and ſhe hath gyrt her ſelfe
In peacefull robes of holiday attire.
And you my Lord of *Brabant* as *I* thinke?
*Bra.* Your friend Lord *Epernoune* in what he may.
*Eper.* Welcome in ſooth, your preſence with the reſt,
Hath made me happie, and my countrey bleſt.
*Lod.* Theſe greetings reuerend Earle, exceed deſert,
Had it bene *Lodwicks* fortune to haue donne
Ten times more ſeruice then this dayes exployt:
*It* might not be ſufficient to redeeme
The lack of his endeuours all this while.
But heauen and you I hope will pardon me,
Conſidering *I* was forc't from hence to flie.
*Eper.* I and moſt wrongfully inforc't my Lord,
But he that was the author of that ill,
The traytrous Duke of *Anion*, by iuſt heauens,
Now at your mercie ſtands, one fetch him forth,
And *Lodwick* repoſſeſſed in the place,
If that authoritie his highneſſe gaue;
Judge and condemne according as you pleaſe.
*Lod.* No, let him ſtill be priſoner where he is,
Your wiſedome hath diſcouerd his abuſe,
And our dread Soueraigne ſhall determine it:
Were it my wrongs were greater then they are,
*I* will not be a factor for my ſelfe.
Now, what is he my Lord of all this traine,
By whom our other enemie was ſlaine?
*Don Vgo de Cordoua*: faine would *I*
Know that braue Gentleman, and for the ſame,
Adde ſomewhat more vnto his honourd name.
*Eper.* Therein my Lord, I ſhall account my ſelfe,
Much pleaſurd by your grace: and this is he,
My Lord of *Brabants* ſubiect as he ſaid.
*Bra.* My ſubiect? traitrous villaine how he lies.
But *I* will be reueng'd vpon his crimes.
What may *I* call your name young Gentleman?
*Fer.* My name is *Ferdinand.*

*Lod.* I know it well,
And litle thinkes he tis the Sextons hands
Draws forth a ſword to giue him Knight-hood here:
But I am glad it is my fortunes chaunce,
To be of power to ſhew him any grace,
Whom I admir'd when firſt I ſaw his face.
Kneele downe young *Ferdinand*, and now againe,
Riſe vp Sir *Ferdinando*, *Lodwicks* Knight.
*Bra.* And riſe withall baſe *Ferdinand*, falſe wretch,
Viler then puddle durt, thou ſpring of hate:
Neuer begot but of ſome dunghill churle.
Durſt thou auow thou waſt my ſubiect? durſt
That impious tongue pronounce my name,
Whom thou haſt moſt ingratefully incenſt?
Villaine, more abiect than thought can decipher,
But *I* am glad that we are met at laſt.
Here in this preſence *I* do chalenge thee
Of moſt notorious fellony and theft:
Let me haue iuſtice on this fugitiue
You Peeres of *Fraunce*, or elſe you iniure me.
*Lod.* What moues the noble *Brabant* to this rage?
*Eper.* Oh wherfore ſtaine you vertue and renowne
With ſuch foule tearmes of ignomy and ſhame?
*Bra.* Vertue my Lords? you guild a rotten ſticke,
You ſpread faire honours garments on the ground,
And dignifie a loathſome ſwine with Pearle.
This ſhadow of a ſeeming Gentleman,
This gloſſe of pietie, deceiues your ſight:
Hees nothing ſo, nor ſo, but one my Lords,
Whom I haue foſtred in my Court of almes.
And to requite my carefull indulgence,
Hath *Iudas* like betrai'd his maſters life,
And ſtolne mine onely daughter to allay
The ſenſuall fire of his inkindled luſt:
For which, let me haue iuſtice, and the law.
*Lod.* You ſhall haue iuſtice, though I cannot thinke,
So faire a ſhape hath had ſo foule a forge.

*Eper.*

*Eper.* Alack the day, misfortune ſhould ſo ſoone
Diſturbe our friendſhip was ſo well begunne:
Come hither *Ferdinand*, and tell me truth
If thou be guiltie as the Duke informes?
*Fer.* I not denie my Lord, but *I* am married
Vnto *Odillia*, though vnworthy farre
Of ſuch a gracious bleſſing: yet her loue
Was forward in the choiſe as well as mine.
*Bra.* See how he goes about to cloake the fact
With loue and marriage? no adulterous ſwaine,
Your hedge-betroathing couenant ſhall not ſerue.
Where is your ſweete companion, where is ſhe?
But we will talke of that an other time.
Why is my Lord of *Bulloigne* ſo remiſſe,
And will not preſently be giuen in charge,
A paire of boltes be clapt vpon his heeles?
*Lod.* Without offence my Lord vnto your grace,
My ſelfe will vndertake to be his bayle,
And he ſhall anſwere if you ſo be pleaſde,
Your accuſation when you will appoint
A day of hearing; be it to morrow next.
*Bra.* And euen to morrow let his triall be,
I will no longer haue the cauſe deferd. *Exit.*
*Eper.* And *Ferdinando*, in this time of need,
Old *Epernoune* will ſtand thee in ſome ſteed.
Good Duke of *Bullen*, vſe him kindly yet,
Whil'ſt *I* do follow this incenſured Lord,
And try if teares may driue him to accord. *Exit.*
*Lod.* Now *Ferdinand*, heres none but you and I,
Know you not mee?
*Fer.* I cannot call it to my mind my Lord,
That euer *I* did ſee your grace till now.
*Lod.* Bethinke your ſelfe, looke better on my face.
*Fer.* There is my Lord, with pardon be it ſpoke,
A man in *Ards*, a Sexton of a Church,
With whom *I* had acquaintance, he me thinkes
Is ſomewhat like your excellence, or elſe

I do not know where *I* haue ſeene your fauour.

*Lod.* The Sexton there is Duke of *Bulloigne* here:
Be not abaſht, twas *I* to whom you left
Your faire *Odillia*, and tis I can witneſſe,
That you and ſhe are lawfull man and wife.
This may be ſome defence againſt the ſtreame
Of angry *Brabant*, that purſues your life.
Come, *I* haue ſend in priuate for the dame,
And by all meanes to ſhield you both from ſhame. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Sir Nicholas with a Letter, Odillia with a Letter in her hand, Bunch, and Nuntio.*

*Ni.* And muſt we thus (faire Lady) forgo your ſweet cõpany?

*Odil.* You ſee my Lord of *Bulloigne* ſends for me,
With him remaines my husband *Ferdinand*,
So you perceiue how much it me concernes,
To leaue this place to better my eſtate.

*Ni.* *I* cannot blame a faire Lady, to leaue a bad thing to go to a better: my friend, thank the Duke of *Bulloigne*, my quondam Sexton for his kind Letter. I may ſay that, nere a Prieſt in *Picardie* can ſay beſide, that *I* haue had a Duke to my Sexton, bee it ſpoken without pride.

*Bunch.* The Diuell ye ha? was he not my petticeſſor *I* pray ye? I was his quaintance afore he knew you, friend, do my condemnations to him, one *Bunch* that botch'd in his Citie, ran away in his company, and dwelt where hee dwelt, with Durch *Yacob Smelt*. And for my better grace, ye may ſay *Barnabie Bunch* that has his Sextons place. Harke ye friend, you haue brought no diſeaſes with ye, haue ye? *Aſide.*

*Nuntio.* Why doeſt thou aske ſo fond a queſtion?

*Bunc.* Marrie I ſpake to him when he went, to ſend the plague or the pox or ſome diſeaſe of high *France*, downe into this lowe Countrey, to lay the men of *Ards* lowe, that that I may haue money for their graues, and marrie one of their wiues, if ye haue any furmitie about ye, as the ſtone, or the dropſie, the pip, or the palſey, Ile giue ye as much for it as an other to haue it left in our (Pariſh.

*Odil.* Will ye not write Sir *Nicholas* to the Duke?

*Ni.* To tell ye true Lady, a Letter of ſix lines, is three dayes worke

worke for me. The Duke knowes my minde as well as if I did write: if he haue a better Benefice or two for me, tell him I will come.

*Bunch.* Then we come, both the Viccar and the Sexton.

*Odil.* Why *Bunch*, *I* thought you would haue gone with me.

*Bunch.* Truly not thus aduiſde, if ye had no husband, ſo: but hauing a husband, no. I can be but well, and the hardeſt of my my learning is paſt: I can ſay *Amen* without booke, chime two Bells at once, whip a dog with both hands, know the difference of the ſtroakes in tolling for men and women: greaſe the Bell-ropes, turne the clappers, ſweepe the church, helpe the Viccar on with his ſurpleſſe. All this I haue by roate ye may tell the Duke, as if I had bene bound prentice to the Trade: and for making a graue, come all *Picardie* for the price of my pickaxe.

*Odil* We ſtay too long, Sir *Nicholas*, farewell,
And farewell *Bunch*.

*Exeunt Odillia and Nuntio.*

*Bunch.* Hartily to you: pray ye condemn me to your husband M. farting Androw.

*Ni. Ferdinando*, *Bunch*, thou miſterm'ſt his name.

*Bunch.* So haue you done many a one in the firſt leſſon, God forgiue ye.

*Ni.* Let that paſſe amongſt the reſt of my veniall ſinnes,
And tell me *Bunch*, tell me, where's the beſt licker?

*Bunch.* At the greene Dragon gentle maiſter Viccar.

*Ni.* Will the Dragon ſting?

*Bunch.* From the head to the heele,
He will ſting your braine ſo, that heele make your feete reele.

*Ni.* Lets go play for two pots, away *Bunch* away.

*Bunch.* Then the Pariſh is like to haue no ſeruice to day.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Lodwick, Emanuell, Epernoune in his chaire, Frederick with the Pronoſt and a Headſman.*

*Bra.* My Lord of *Bulloigne*, many things might vrdge
Your ſpeed of Iuſtice, for ſo iuſt a wrong,
As the regard of your owne princely ſtate,

In.

In caſe of him that is an equall Peere,
The right of Princes, which ſhould vnder-prop
An honourable and direct reuenge.
*I* could perhaps ſay, were it not in *Iuſtice*,
The bloud of *Brabant*, ſhould deſerue of *Bulloigne*:
But *I* diſrobe and ſtrip off all regard,
And lay my wrongs as nakedly before you,
As comes an *Infant* borne into the world.
*Lod.* My Lord of *Brabant*, what *I* freely vrdge,
*I*s not to to ſtop or turne the courſe of Iuſtice,
Which muſt ſway all our actions, and muſt ſtand
Steady and fixed in one certaine point:
But onely by entreatie to your grace,
To ſupple your proceeding in this caſe.
*Eper.* My Lord of *Brabant*, may old *Epernoune*
By licenſe of my Lord, the Duke of *Bulloigne*
Haue leaue to ſpeake, an old foole that I am,
By your good patience let me ſay my minde.
Now by my troath *I* cannot ſpeake for teares.
Alaſſe, alaſſe, theres ſomething I would ſay,
Now God helpe age, would *I* were in my graue.
Iuſtice may cut off *Ferdinand*, where is he?
O art thou there poore man? alaſſe, alaſſe:
Iuſtice may cut him off, Ile not denie,
But turne him with his ſword amongſt his foes,
And he that buyes his life ſhall buy it deare.
Alaſſe poore boy, would I could do thee good:
Oh to ſee him leade an Armie in the field,
Would make a man young, were as old as I.
I would thou hadſt dyed where I ſaw thee laſt,
Euen in the midſt of all the Spaniſh Armie,
On that condition I had dide with thee:
God helpe, God helpe, an ill miſchance ſoone falles,
And ſtill the weakeſt goe vnto the walles.
*Bra.* Defer me not my Lord, let me haue *Iuſtice*.
*Lod.* My Lord you muſt haue Iuſtice, that you know,
But yet my Lord of *Brabant*, might our loue

Rebate this ſharpe edge of your bitter wrath:
With what an eaſie ſweetneſſe ſhould our iudgement
Be reliſhed of euery gentle heart?
*Bra.* My Lord of *Bulloigne* vrge me not with pittie,
He againſt whom I am thus pittileſſe
Robd me of pittie: proceed vnto your iudgement.
*Eper.* God help, pittie is baniſht from the earth I ſee,
Thou pitti'ſt none, nor no man pitties thee.
*Era.* Old man thou doateſt.
*Eper.* Thou art a naughtie Lord, I tel thee *Brabant*,
The day hath bene thou durſt not tell me ſo.
*Lod.* Haue patience gentle father, true noble Lord,
He will haue death: whoſe there?
Commaund the Lady preſently be brought.
*Lodwick aſcends, the Lady is brought in.*
*Bra.* *Lodwick* of *Bulloigne*, is it not inough
Thou haſt delaid me in the caſe of *Iuſtice*,
But bringſt this hatefull whore vnto my ſight
To vex and grieue my ſoule? I tell thee *Bulloigne*,
Thou wrongſt mine honour with indignitie.
*Fre.* Ah were it any tongue that calld thee ſo
But his *Odillia*, I would make that word
Hereticall and full of blaſphemie.
*Bra.* My Lord of *Bulloigne*, I will not abide her.
*Lod.* My Lord you muſt abide her, ſince for her
You ſeeke the life of this young *Ferdinand*,
Siſt lawe ſo ſtrictly, follow the offence,
Take all aduantage of your euidence.
*Eper.* Now by my troath a goodly wench indeed:
Alas poore Earle, faire Princeſſe ſpeake thy mind
And Ile ſtand by thy ſide, and yet I cannot,
Ah this whorſon age, well, well.
*Hee weepes.*
*Bra.* I will not heare her ſpeake.
*Lod.* All's one my Lord of *Brabant*, we will heare her:
Speake freely Princeſſe, and without controll.
*Odil.* Right reuerend Lord, if onely for my ſake,

My father ſeeke the death of *Ferdinand*,
*I* heere acquit my husband of the fault,
Although I cannot of the puniſhment.
*I* was the theefe, I was the rauiſher,
And *I* am onely guiltie of the fact.
How like a robber did *I* lie in waite
With beautie to entrap his gentle youth?
And like a ſpirit when he hath walkt alone,
How was I euer tempting him to loue?
How with my fauour did I worke his breaſt,
Which at the firſt was ſtubborne, Iron, cold,
Till I brought his heart to ſupple temper,
To take the ſoft impreſſion of affection?
With theſe allurements would *I* oft entice him,
Though thou be baſe, my loue ſhall make thee noble:
Though thou be poore, my power ſhall make thee rich:
Though thou be ſcornd, my ſtate ſhall make thee reuerenc'd.
Let any of you all thinke with himſelfe,
Were he ſo meane, ſo friendleſſe, and vnknowne,
Wooed by a virgin Princeſſe of my birth,
So young, ſo great, ſo rich, as is my ſelfe:
Thinkes he, he would not do as he hath done?
Hees guiltleſſe of the fault: *I* was the cauſe,
Let me endure the rigor of your lawes.
*Fer.* O thou doeſt wound my loue with too much louing,
Thy beautie is not prized but with death:
That man hath not a ſoule, that would not die,
One houre t'enioy thy bleſſed company.
*Eper.* Nay, *I* muſt weep out theſe poore eyes ate left,
*I* neuer ſaw a cauſe ſo full of pittie.
*Bra.* My Lord proceed, the law adiudges death
To him that ſteales the heire of any Prince,
That's not a Prince that doth commit the act.
He is my ſlaue, one that was found by me
Being a child, not fully two yeares old,
And as't ſhould ſeem, begot in baſtardie,
And by the parents ſo, that wicked fruite,

Left in the Riuers ſegges, there to be drownd,
What time the watres in *Burgundy* fell out,
And that my Dutcheſſe periſht in the flight,
Nor neuer did I know what was his name,
Being ſo young, he could not tell the ſame:
Onely vpon his muckiter and band, he had an F.
By which I did ſuppoſe his name was *Ferdinand*,
And ſo I nam'd him.

*Lod.* O bleſſed heauen, what ſound is this I heare?
My litle boy was loſt euen at that time:
Iuſt of that age, and by that Riuers ſide,
Whoſe name was chriſtned *Freaericke*, by my father,
And had an F. on euery thing he wore.
It is my ſonne, be ſilent yet a while.
My Lord of *Brabant*, then I take exception
Both vnto your enditement, and your plea.

*Bra.* As how my Lord of *Bulloigne?* do me iuſtice.

*Lod.* [illegible] cited by the name of *Ferdinand*,
And I will proue him chriſtned *Frederick*,
And thus is your enditement ouerthrowne.

*Bra.* It is a fallacie my Lord of *Bulloigne*,
He hath bene euer called by that name.

*Bulloigne*. do me Iuſtice, or by heauen
It is not *Fraunce* ſhall hold thee, impious Duke.

*Lod.* Nay if ye be ſo hotte my Lord of *Brabant*,
Then to your plea, that doth concerne him moſt.
The lawe is this, that he ſhall looſe his head,
That ſteales away the heire of any Prince,
If not a Prince that doth commit the rape.

*Bra.* So is my plea,

*Lod.* I graunt, but voyd in this,
He is a Prince that ſtole away thy daughter,
This is not *Ferdinand*, but *Frederick*:
The heire of *Bulloigne*, and my onely ſonne,
Ah my ſweete boy, ah my deare *Frederick*:
Here now I ſtand, and here doth ſtand thy boy.
In Chriſtendome let any two that date

Auerre it to the father and the ſonne,
That he is not as great a Prince as *Brabant*.
*Eper.* Nay I le be one, any three what ere they be,
And *Brabant* be thou one to anſwere vs,
Some honeſt man helpe me to *Frederick*.
For ioy I ſhall weepe out mine eyes.
*Bra. Bulloigne*, how doeſt thou know him for thy ſonne?
*Lod.* Why Couſin *Brabant*, you ſay you found him
Hid in the ſegs by the Riuer: euen at that inſtant,
And at the very place, the Dutcheſſe my deare ſiſter periſhed:
With whom my lide boy was at that time,
The place, the inſtant, and his certaine age,
The letters ſet to ſignifie his name,
The very manner of your finding him
When you departed from me with your Armie,
In the purſuite of traytrous *Mercurie*.
Theſe all affirme that he is onely mine.
*Bra.* My Lord of *Bulloigne*, *I* embrace your loue,
In all firme and true brotherly affection:
I make your ſonne my ſonne, my daughter yours,
And do intreat in Princely curteſie,
Old griefe henceforth, no more be thought vpon.
*Lod.* Deare brother *Brabant*, your true princely kindneſſe
Doth but foreſtall, what I would haue requeſted.
Right noble Prince, *I* giue you *Frederick*,
And I accept your ſweete *Odillia*.
Come, thou art now the Duke of *Bulloignes* daughter,
Thy husband is the Duke of *Brabants* ſonne,
Thou ſhalt be now my care, my ſonne, thy fathers.
Thus do we make exchaunge betwixt each others,
Thus ſhould it be, betwixt two louing brothers.
*Eper.* Nay, nay, let me be one I pray you Lords,
I haue no child left to inherit mine.
When I ſhall die, as long I cannot liue,
*I* freely giue them all that ere *I* haue. *He weepes.*
*Lod.* A thouſand thankes, true noble *Epernoune*:
Brother of *Brabant*, *Frederick*, and faire Princeſſe,

Imbrace

Imbrace this noble Lord, and hold him deare.
*All together.* Our father, guide, and comfort we you call,
And be you euer honoured of vs all.
*Enter Villiers, Oriana, and Diana.*
*Vil.* Iuſtice my Lord of *Bulloigne*, I beſeech you.
*Bul.* My friend, what is thy cauſe, then let vs know,
Sit downe good brother *Brabant*, and the reſt.
*Vil.* My Lord, my ſute is here againſt a widow
That I haue long time ſu'd in way of marriage.
*Bul.* Let me with iudgement view this woman well. *Aſide.*
Stay let me ſee, it is my *Oriana*,
And my poore *Dyan*, my deare loued Girle.
Alaſſe poore ſoules, what woe and miſerie
Haue ye endured ſince I left you laſt?
I will forbeare my knowledge till I ſee
To what effect this cauſe will ſort vnto.
Tell on your caſe: of whence, and whats your name?
*Vil.* I am of *Rochell*, and my name *Villiers*.
*Lod.* Of what profeſſion?
*Vil.* A Merchant I, my honourable Lord.
*Ori.* But though you be a Merchant, I beleeue
Here is ſome ware you muſt not deale withall.
Thinkſt thou *Dyana*, my deare Lord thy father,
Will know vs in this Seampſters poore diſguiſe?
*Dya.* Madam, I know not, for much time is paſt
Since he at *Newkerk* parted with vs laſt.
She muſt be widow if the Merchants wife,
But by this match I thinke hee'll hardly thriue.
*Lod.* M. *Villiers*, you ſhall haue Iuſtice ſir,
Speake in your cauſe you haue free libertie.
*Vil.* My Lord of *Bulloigne*, thus then ſtands my caſe,
This Gentlewoman whom my ſute concernes,
Being embark'd for England with her daughter,
To ſeeke her husband as ſhe made report,
Twixt Sluice in *Flaunders* where ſhe went aboord,
And Goodwines Sands, by ſturdie aduerſe windes,
Was beaten backe vpon the coaſt of *Fraunce*,
And came to *Rochell*, where my dwelling is. Ita-

I taking liking of her, entertaind her,
Let her a houſe conuenient as I thought,
And lent her mony to ſupply her wants,
And afterwards wonne by affection,
I did ſolicite her in way of marriage,
But ſtill ſhe did deferre me with delaies,
Becauſe ſhe ſaid her husband ſtill did liue:
But for my kindnes if her husband died,
She told me then, I was the likeſt to ſpeed.
She hauing got ſome mony by her needle,
Deſired me to let her haue a leaſe:
The leaſe was drawne, to which ſhe put her name
Widow, which here her owne hand teſtifies:
Which being thus confeſſed by her ſelfe,
I by her promiſe claime her for my wife.

*Lod.* The caſe is plaine.

*Oria.* That he ſhall go without mee.

*Lod.* Lady, what way haue you to auoyd this bond?
Here is your hand ſet to confirme the deed.

*Oria.* But not my heart: and that I will be ſworne.
Heer's one I thinke, that hath had that too long
To leaue it now, or elſe *I* haue more wrong.
Vnto the Scriuener *I* referd the ſame,
And he put that word, widow to my name.
*I* humbly do intreat your highnes fauour,
For if you knew where *I* had dwelt before,
I thinke you would do that for me, and more.

*Lod.* Speak gentlewoman, where haue you bin bred?

*Oria.* I was attending in my yonger yeares,
And this ſweet Girle, though now thus mean & poore
Vpon the Ducheſſe, the Dukes wife of *Bulloigne*,
Though *I* ſay it, one that ſhe loued once,
Whilſt ſhe did flouriſh in proſperitie:
And had not fortune much impaird her ſtate,
*I* had not now ſtood in ſuch need of friends. *She weepes.*
But when the greateſt into daunger falles,
The weakeſt ſtill did go vnto the walles.

*Lod.*

*Lod.* Tis very true, that haue *I* tried my ſelfe,
Thy teares no longer can conceale my loue.
Riſe *Oriana*, riſe my ſweete *Dyana*,
*Lodwicks* true wife, and his right vertuous.
Imbrace thy loſt ſonne *Frederick* once more,
Whom we ſuppoſed neuer to haue ſeene.
With him receiue a daughter, *Brabants* heire,
He hath bene foſter-father to thy boy,
And both are here to full compleat our ioy.
*Oria.* My deare *Frederick?*
*Dia.* My beloued brother?
*Fre.* Oh happie *Frederick* finding ſuch a mother,
And ſuch a ſiſter, father, friends and all,
Neuer a man did better fortune fall.
*Lod.* How ſay you M. Merchant? is your ſuite voyd
In lawe or no? is ſhe a widow now?
*Vil.* No my good Lord, and I reioyce thereat.
*Lod.* Thankes, but we will requite thy loue and kindneſſe
Extended to them in neceſſitie:
And our reward thou ſhalt haue liberally.

*Enter a Meſſenger.*

What newes with thee, thou commeſt in ſuch haſte:
*Meſ.* His highneſſe from his holy Pilgrimage
Is home returnd, and doth require your preſence.
*Lod.* That's but our dutie, welcome is our King,
His highneſſe now ſhall ſentence traitrous *Anion*,
According as his trecheries deſerue,
And all our ioyes ſhall be diſcloſde to him,
That haue ſo happily this day befalne.
Thus time the ſaddeſt heart from ſorrow calles,
And helpes the weake, long thruſt vnto the walles.

*Exeunt.*

FINIS.